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The Proffered Wreath

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He was wounded several times; the one at Rives' Salient before Petersburg would eventually kill him a half-century later. During the war he read his own obituary twice. And like the Army he rode with during the Last Review in May of 1865, he was given up for dead on the battlefield, yet survived resurgent and eventually triumphant.

Chamberlain's beloved Army of the Potomac — "…veterans and replaced veterans; cut to pieces, cut down, consolidated, divisions into brigades, regiments into one…" — and those unseen legions marching through the memories of those who marched through the mortal, had won a lasting peace and reunited a nation forever.

When a woman rushed from the crowd to hand him a victory wreath, it is no wonder that his horse Charlemagne, who had been shot from under him three times, shied away: "Was this the soft death-angel — did he think? — calling us again, as in other days?" Or was she merely a vision of the uneasy mantle of peace all those who have seen war carry?

The compliment of one of his officers lying wounded as Chamberlain comforted him would surely be benediction to both theologian-turned-warrior and the Army with which he fought: "…you have the soul of the lion and the heart of the woman."

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COVER: After the costly battle of Eylau on February 8, 1807, Napoleon is reputed to have said: "If other rulers could see this, they would be less eager for war and conquests." Others perhaps, but not Napoleon (related stories, Pages 6 and 10). ABOVE: Caudron G.4 aircraft provide reconnaissance for a French offensive in the Verdun sector. Persian volunteer airman Soleyman Nazare-Aga flew similar missions over the Macedonian front in 1916 (story, P. 24).

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46 Teutonic Knights Imperiled

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With his right flank anchored on marshland and his left on the gray-roofed town of Tannenberg, Ulrich von Jungingen prepared to wait.

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A Marvelous Piece of Luck

With the artillery captain stricken, along came "Citizen Buonaparte."

After five years in near isolation at the cloistered school in Brienne, the boy was nearing 15, and he had a visitor. They met in the parlor. They talked of events and personalities at the boy's home, and then the older man left.

The boy would never again see his father, whose cancer of the stomach would take his life within a year.

Passing his 15th birthday on August 15, 1784, the "Italian boy" among the French planned upon a military career. His eyes were set upon the Navy, a service that was fashionable at the time, that offered promise of action, adventure, promotion.

But his mother thought it was too dangerous, and so he next studied at the *Ecole Militaire* and at the age of 16 took his place in the world as a sublieutenant of artillery. That was in 1785, and four years later would come the French Revolution—its bicentennial celebrated just this year.

Confined to quarters by the Directory in 1794, a young General Napoleon Bonaparte contemplates his uncertain future. Little could he guess that he would lend his name to an era.

The period upon us today is one rife with various epochal anniversaries. Not only the bicentennials of the French Revolution and the inauguration of George Washington but, 50 years ago, the beginning of World War II. And in January, 175 years since the Battle of New Orleans and the end of the War of 1812. And in April, 125 years since the end of the American Civil War. And in 1995, 50 years since the *end* of World War II. And next year, too, 40 years since the start of the Korean War.

But ahead lies only one anniversary that can be ascribed to the energies, ambitions and genius (like him or not) of a single man. Running over the course of several years both before and after the coming turn of the century, it will be a one-man bicentennial—and won't there be a spate of new books and fresh plaster busts?

With the emergence of the French Revolution, he was back on the island of Corsica, where his family was of minor nobility, but poor. Traditionally Italian, Corsica had been acquired by the French in 1768, the year before the young artillery officer's birth. After the Revolution, he was elected a lieutenant colonel in the Corsican National Guard, but local rivalries forced him and his fatherless family to flee to the mainland of their new country.

Assigned to duty in the army of revolutionary France, the young man soon found his fate with the desultory forces besieging rebellious Toulon, where a British fleet provided the anti-Republic rebels stiff backing.

A message from a Convention deputy from Corsica to the Committee of Public Safety tells it all:

Captain Dommartin being wounded, we were left without anyone to command the artillery; but we have had a marvelous piece of luck. We stopped Citizen Buonaparte (a well-instructed captain in the same arm) who was on his way to the Army of Italy, and we ordered him to take Dommartin's place.

Under the hastily recruited "Citizen Buonaparte," the guns of the Republic saved the day at Toulon, driving off the British warships. Suddenly, at age 24, he was made general of brigade. The next year, 1795, he endeared himself to the politicians of the revolutionary Convention by dispersing angry mobs in Paris with his famous "whiff of grapeshot."

That year also, he married the well-connected widow-about-town, Josephine de Beauharnais, and he took command of the country's lackluster Army of Italy. In a brilliant campaign over the next two years, he outmaneuvered all of Austria's larger armies in Italy and imposed peace upon all of France's enemies except the British. And he was not yet 30 years old.

In time, of course, he would outmaneuver the politicians back in Paris and declare himself Emperor of the French. His energies, both on the battlefield and in domestic reforms (some enduring even today), would create an era, an age lasting until his final defeat at Waterloo in 1815—the Napoleonic Age (related story, Page 10.)

Once a pitiful boy, not really French like his schoolmates and thus aloof from them . . . small in stature during those formative years, cut off from home from the age of nine, the boy sees his father one last time. He abandons romantic dreams of a naval career and opts, at age 15, for the staid and true arm known as artillery.

From such acorn grows, and stretches so high, the unsuspected oak, his one-man bicentennial now drawing near.

C.B.K.

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Bushnell's Remarkable "Turtle"

What it was, had anyone been able to explain, was a submarine.

By Peggy Robbins

David Bushnell, an early Connecticut Yankee, was a young man who grew up with war or the threat of war always in the background. By the time he was 15, a strong dislike of the British had taken root in his heart. By the time he entered Yale in 1771, he had decided how he best could help his fellow Colonials fight the British in a war certain to erupt soon.

There must be a way, he thought, to make gunpowder explode in an underwater container. With such a device, the Colonials possibly could blow up the King's mighty ships and compensate for their own lack of ships and shore batteries.

As an older (29) student, Bushnell escaped the usual "errands for superiors" imposed upon the Yale freshmen—he had more time for research. He also had a faculty mentor who allowed Bushnell the special privilege of conducting experiments privately and without interference.

The crew of HMS Eagle *might be forgiven for being inattentive to the odd-looking threat slowly creeping toward them. An attack by a submarine was a prospect without historic precedent.*

Satisfied in time that he was ready for a demonstration, Bushnell gathered a few skeptical instructors at a neighborhood pond. He placed two ounces of powder in a container, submerged it and managed to get the fuse lighted. The underwater mine—the first in history, so far as is known—exploded, a great surprise to everyone except the young inventor.

Not long after, to prove the first explosion was no mere accident, Bushnell went before a larger group of observers with a two-*pound* charge of powder contained in a hogshead filled with stones. As one onlooker wrote, there was "a tremendous effect, casting a great body of water with the stones and ruins many feet into the air."

Certain now that he had an effective anti-ship weapon, Bushnell still lacked a way to deliver it to its target. Undeterred, he plunged into further research and experiment. By the time of Lexington and Concord in 1775, he had completed plans for a submersible boat.

As Bushnell's fellow Yale graduates made plans to join the Colonial army gathering outside Boston, he rushed home to Saybrook, Conn., and began construction of his "sub-marine," working in the seclusion of a waterside shed. The completed vessel that he soon produced was six feet high and a bit over seven feet long. It looked like no other craft ever built, safe to say. It was history's first operational submarine.

It was David Bushnell who first compared his craft to two tortoise shells and named it the "American Turtle" and, indeed, when the finished vessel lay on the shore of Poverty Island, it *did* look like a big clumsy turtle.

One evening after dark, David and younger brother Ezra hoisted the craft aboard a sloop and sailed down the Connecticut River and out into Long Island Sound for her first test. David squeezed in, then secured the entrance hatch, which he had designed so that it could be screwed tight (or unscrewed) by either the operator inside or someone outside.

From his seat on the beam buttressing the sides, David looked by moonlight through the windows into the waters of the sound. Above his head, the two brass tubes admitted fresh air and, behind him, the exhaust ventilator ejected stale air. Steering by compass and utilizing the craft's depth gauge, he successfully put his "Turtle" through various practice operations.

Everything went as planned for a half-hour. After that, the air became increasingly stale—Bushnell and his Turtle surfaced, ending a very successful test. He had predicted the craft could safely stay submerged at least a half-hour at a time, and it had.

From the first, Bushnell had known that, even with a perfectly functioning machine, a skilled navigator would be vital to its successful operation. Originally, he had expected to be that operator. But several spells of illness he'd had during the previous year had left him in poor health, too poor to properly handle the Turtle for any length of time. A man of above-average strength was needed to crank the propeller and steer the rudder simultaneously; Bushnell was exhausted and weak after just one test run.

He had a willing, fearless navigator, however, in brother Ezra, who already was familiar with the craft and its operation—who also was a fast learner. After several surface runs and two practice dives, Ezra was ready to take over operation of the Turtle.

Until now, Bushnell had allowed no one to see the submarine except Ezra and Dr. Benjamin Gale, an inventor who lived five miles away in Killingworth. Dr. Gale repeatedly had asked permission to write his acquaintance, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, about the Turtle, and Bushnell finally agreed. About the same time, and at Gale's insistence, David requested financial help from the Connecticut government. In the end, though, so little aid was offered—"Connecticut has more demands on its funds than can be filled"—that Bushnell indignantly refused it.

Continued on page 70

MORT KÜNSTLER

Riding amongst his men, Lee encounters a distraught General Pickett. Encouraging the downcast officer, Lee tells him, "this has been my fight and upon my shoulders rests the blame. The men and officers of your command have written the name of Virginia as high today as it has ever been written before." Turning to those who are near, Lee confides, "you men have done all that men could do; the fault is entirely my own."

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Special Operations, 1808

The mission was to rescue Spanish troops from Napoleon's control.

By Reginald Spink

"You tell me, Mr. Robertson, you are a man of courage."

"Try me, Sir Arthur."

"Well, that is what I mean to do. Will you assist in rescuing the Spanish army, now detained by Bonaparte in the north of Germany? Will you carry the proposals from the British government to the Marquis de la Romana, the commander of the army?"

"Will I? With the utmost alacrity, Sir Arthur."

"Then you will meet with me in the Foreign Office, when I shall introduce you to Mr. Canning."

The interviewer was Sir Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington; the man interviewed, at Wellesley's residence in Harley Street, London, the Reverend James Robertson, Roman Catholic priest from Aberdeenshire in Scotland, Benedictine monk in southern Germany—and British agent extraordinary.

General de la Romana and his troops prepare to board British ships to sail from Nyborg back to Spain, there to join battle against Napoleon. Behind this operation: A Scottish monk.

It was May 31, 1808, the year of the *dos de mayo*, the rising of the people of Madrid on May 2 against their French oppressors. The insurrection was savagely put down by Napoleon's Marshal Joachim Murat (the suppression is the subject of a great many paintings by Goya in the Prado in Madrid), but it nonetheless would light a powdertrain leading eventually to the expulsion of the French from the Iberian peninsula by Anglo-Spanish-Portuguese armies and guerrillas under Wellington—and to Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo.

In January 1807, Bonaparte had induced the feeble King Carlos IV, and his unprincipled favorite—and cuckolder—Manuel de Godoy, to make available 14,000 of Spain's best troops for service as auxiliaries with the French on the frontiers of Hanover and along the estuaries of the rivers Weser and Elbe, with de la Romana as their commander. Pedro Caro y Sureda, Marquis de la Romana (born in 1761 at Palma de Mallorca), had distinguished himself in the war against France and was seen as a good patriot. Sending him to Germany amounted almost to exile.

So, in May, some 8,000 to 9,000 men marched off through France, to join up later with 6,000 more who had been quartered in Tuscany in Italy.

Napoleon's plans were various and devious. Removing these troops from Spain and its proximity would make it easier for him and his brother Joseph, about to be designated king, to incorporate Spain fully into his empire. The troops could, furthermore, be used to spearhead an attack on Sweden, Britain's last unbeaten ally. Sweden held Pomerania on its southern shores of the Baltic and was a vital source of naval materials such as timber, tar, pitch and hemp.

By the end of August 1807, the combined Spanish forces had advanced as far as Hamburg, where they spent the winter. They were then placed under the overall command of Napoleon's Marshal Jean Bernadotte, who had his base there. Meanwhile, Denmark, situated between Napoleon and his intended Swedish prey, had become a reluctant ally of the French after the British had carried off the Danish fleet in order to deny it to Napoleon.

Danish acquiescence provided the French with a springboard for the assault on Sweden, a campaign that now could be carried out by Spaniards and Danes, at very little cost to Napoleon. Denmark's reward (which was never attained) would be the recovery of the provinces of Skaane, Halland and Blekinge, lost to Sweden in the Scandinavian wars of the 17th century.

The Spanish troops, unknown to London as yet, were now moved north into Denmark, where, so as to keep them fully under his control, Marshal Bernadotte dispersed them among his own troops in Jutland and the Danish islands. General de la Romana's forward headquarters were at Nyborg on the western shore of the Great Belt in Fyn (Funen). This turned out to be a convenient point for the impending British rescue operation.

"You will inform the Marquis," Foreign Secretary George Canning told Robertson, "that our transports shall be at his orders, to convey him and his troops to any place or country he chooses. We ask nothing in return. . . . We offer to convey them free of cost to South America, to Minorca, to Canada, to England, or to Spain, at their option."

He also told the priest: "If Spain is resolved to resist the usurper, we are ready to cooperate with her with every means in our power. . . . We consider Spain as the fairest field of action. . . ."

The choice of James Robertson as the bearer of this message may seem strange. In fact, quite apart from the courage already alluded to, he was well qualified

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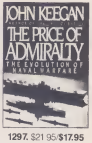

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Special Operations, 1808

The mission was to rescue Spanish troops from Napoleon's control.

By Reginald Spink

"You tell me, Mr. Robertson, you are a man of courag

"Try me, Sir Arthur."

"Well, that is what I m to do. Will you assist in cuing the Spanish army, r detained by Bonaparte in north of Germany? Will carry the proposals from British government to Marquis de la Romana, commander of the army

"Will I? With the utm alacrity, Sir Arthur."

"Then you will meet v me in the Foreign Of when I shall introduce to Mr. Canning."

The interviewer was Arthur Wellesley, later D of Wellington; the man ir viewed, at Wellesley's r dence in Harley Street, L don, the Reverend Ja Robertson, Roman Cath priest from Aberdeenshir Scotland, Benedictine m in southern Germany—

British agent extraordin

Jean Bernadotte, who had

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It was May 31, 1808, year of the *dos de mayo*, the rising of the people of Madrid on May 2 against their French oppressors. The insurrection was savagely put down by Napoleon's Marshal Joachim Murat (the suppression is the subject of a great many paintings by Goya in the Prado in Madrid), but it nonetheless would light a powdertrain leading eventually to the expulsion of the French from the Iberian peninsula by Anglo-Spanish-Portuguese armies and guerrillas under Wellington—and to Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo.

In January 1807, Bonaparte had induced the feeble King Carlos IV, and his unprincipled favorite—and cuckolder—Manuel de Godoy, to make available 14,000 of Spain's best troops for service as auxiliaries with the French on the frontiers of Hanover and along the estuaries of the rivers Weser and Elbe, with de la Romana as their commander. Pedro Caro y Sureda, Marquis de la Romana (born in 1761 at Palma de Mallorca), had distinguished himself in the war against France and was seen as a good patriot. Sending him to Germany amounted almost to exile.

So, in May, some 8,000 to 9,000 men marched off through France, to join up later with 6,000 more who had been quartered in Tuscany in Italy.

Napoleon's plans were various and devious. Removing these troops from Spain and its proximity would make it easier for him and his brother Joseph, about to be designated king, to incorporate Spain fully into his empire. The troops could, furthermore, be used to spearhead an attack on Sweden, Britain's last unbeaten ally. Sweden held Pomerania on its southern shores of the Baltic and was a vital source of naval materials such as timber, tar, pitch and hemp.

By the end of August 1807, the combined Spanish forces had advanced as far as Hamburg, where they spent the winter. They were then placed under the overall command of Napoleon's Marshal Jean Bernadotte, who had own troops in Jutland and the Danish islands. General de la Romana's forward headquarters were at Nyborg on the western shore of the Great Belt in Fyn (Funen). This turned out to be a convenient point for the impending British rescue operation.

"You will inform the Marquis," Foreign Secretary George Canning told Robertson, "that our transports shall be at his orders, to convey him and his troops to any place or country he chooses. We ask nothing in return . . . .We offer to convey them free of cost to South America, to Minorca, to Canada, to England, or to Spain, at their option."

He also told the priest: "If Spain is resolved to resist the usurper, we are ready to cooperate with her with every means in our power . . . .We consider Spain as the fairest field of action . . . ."

The choice of James Robertson as the bearer of this message may seem strange. In fact, quite apart from the courage already alluded to, he was well qualified

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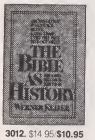

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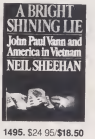

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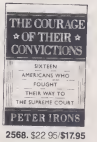

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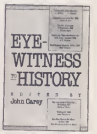

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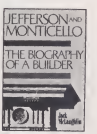

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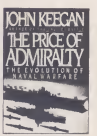

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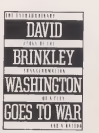

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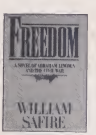

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even though, at 50 years of age, he lacked any previous experience of secret operations, as far as can be ascertained. The territory of this "short, stout, merry little monk" who was "always jesting and poking fun"—in themselves disarming characteristics—was largely German-speaking. He had a complete command of colloquial German acquired during years spent in southern Germany as a monk in the Benedictine abbey of St. James at Regensburg (usually known then by its French name of Ratisbon). It was a Scottish foundation, chiefly engaged in training young Scotsmen.

Robertson left London on June 4 for the port of Harwich and Heligoland, the island off the German coast that had been recently captured by the British from the Danes. There, a rear link was established in the person of a certain Mr. McKenzie, another British agent, who would receive and forward reports, and possibly envoys from de la Romana.

The hazardous journey through enemy-occupied territory to Denmark via Cuxhaven, Bremen, Hamburg, Lübeck and Kiel took several weeks. Robertson's "cover" was that of a merchant. Merchants proliferated in those years of blockade and counterblockade, busily engaged along the entire coast of Europe from the Baltic to Adriatic in breaking Napoleon's Continental System by smuggling in British goods—at some risk but with great profits. They were aided and abetted by the Royal Navy, often also with the complicity of French officials open to bribery.

Safely arrived at Nyborg, Robertson sent word to de la Romana that a foreign merchant "desired to have the honor of a private interview in order to present him samples of some articles [cigars and chocolates] to be dealt in." The two men were soon on speaking terms, especially after Robertson had established his more secret credentials by means of information supplied by a former British ambassador in Madrid and known to no one else but de la Romana.

Little more was needed to enlist de la Romana's cooperation. "But," he pointed out, "my troops are dispersed through all the provinces and islands of Denmark. In Zealand there are 8,000 men, in Langeland 2,000; some in Jutland, others in Schleswig. Had the English not blockaded the Belt, we might all have been in Zealand [the major island, nearest Sweden], and then we might have attempted something."

By this time, however, the British Baltic fleet, operating from its base off the Swedish port of Gothenburg, was well informed of the situation, and Vice Admiral Sir James Saumerez, commanding the squadron on Horatio Nelson's old flagship *Victory*, set about making con-

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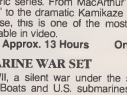

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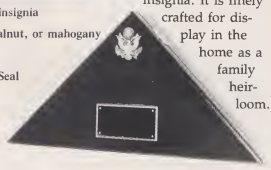

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tact with de la Romana. That took a little time, though, and meanwhile de la Romana was walking a tightrope. To have shown his hand too soon would be to wreck the whole enterprise. It was essential to keep Bernadotte continually assured of his loyalty, while avoiding giving the increasingly restive Spaniards the appearance that he was a collaborator. A further problem was how to assemble the dispersed forces for the withdrawal.

It so happened that there were tentative plans for Bernadotte to review them at Nyborg, and de la Romana managed to accelerate the process of getting his troops together for the occasion. Once he had assembled some 10,000 of them, however, he could wait no longer. Bernadotte had suddenly been forewarned, and was marching north from Hamburg with 3,000 hastily assembled men.

A grand entertainment was organized for the civic officers and leading inhabitants of Nyborg, with military manuevers following a big luncheon. Then, quietly, the building was surrounded by Spanish troops and the whole company put under arrest.

All arrangements for the withdrawal had been made at a secret meeting between de la Romana and Vice Admiral Saumerez's deputy, Rear Admiral Richard Keats. Every vessel in the harbor was pressed into service, and at a given signal the British boats put in to shore to take on the Spaniards. Except for 300 men who formed the rear guard, all 10,000 Spanish troops were successfully embarked on British ships. And soon after, they were landed and re-equipped in the Spanish port of Santander, to join in the war against the French.

Sadly, many of them perished in their first battle encounters, as did those who were left behind (on the Russian front), but most of the rest, under de la Romana's leadership, played their full part in Spain's war of liberation.

The general himself died of a stroke at Wellington's headquarters near Lisbon in January 1811, in his 49th year.

And the Reverend James Robertson? It took him a whole year to get back to London via Vienna and Dresden, Berlin and Hamburg, hunted all the while from pillar to post by French agents. Wellington employed him in diplomatic work later on, and he assisted the duke in Paris during the Allied occupation after Napoleon's fall. The British government granted him a liberal pension for his services. He finally retired—if that is the right word—to his old abbey on the Danube, occupying himself to the end with good works of a rather different sort—organizing education for the deaf and dumb and founding the first asylum for the blind in Bavaria. He died at Regensburg in 1820. □

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Mentor in Peace and War

Winfield Scott extolled and exemplified American military values.

By Steven C. Gravlin

At West Point's U.S. National Cemetery, only a few graves have their own shade trees, and it has been suggested that you can tell who really "ranks" by the presence or absence of a tree.

Sylvanus Thayer, "father" of the Military Academy, has a tree. So does George Armstrong Custer, despite his grievous and fatal error in judgment.

And so does Winfield Scott. This may surprise, since Scott was not a graduate of the United States Military Academy. Nonetheless, he was buried here, not merely as an honor accorded to him, but rather as recognition that West Point and the U.S. Army were and are indelibly stamped by his mark. Scott and the values he lived transcend West Point—Scott's values were and are the Army's, of which West Point itself is only a part.

Winfield Scott was America's pre-eminent soldier in the first half of the 19th century, just as Douglas MacArthur may be said to have dominated the first half of the 20th. The two men had much in common. MacArthur, of course, has been hotly debated, yet lionized by American historians. Winfield Scott, however, is unlikely ever to receive comparable attention, despite all he did for his nation.

Egocentric yet diplomatic, reckless and daring yet capable of mapping out grand strategy, contentious and yet loyal, Winfield Scott served the United States with distinction for half a century.

Scott's service is ignored by most today for several reasons. His campaigns during the War of 1812 and the Mexican War took place a long time ago—most Americans do not even remember the country fought those wars, let alone remember Scott's distinguished service in them. Some who might recall Scott's service may at the same time find little to love or admire in the man. Like MacArthur, Scott was egocentric and vain at times; irascible and outspoken on many issues of his day. He made many enemies, both in the Army and in politics. Like many other officers of his day, and somewhat contrary to the modern experience, Scott was a highly political general who openly blamed political enemies for denying him his just deserts of promotions and honors.

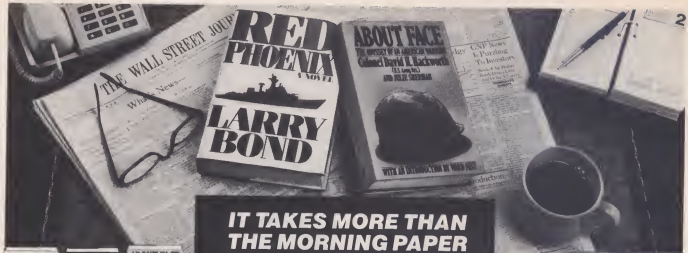
And yet it would be wrong to dismiss Winfield Scott's example as anachronistic and irrelevant. Scott served the nation well for 53 years, 47 as a general officer, and his career is filled with examples by which every professional officer might profit.

Of those familiar with the Battle of Chippewa, who can question Scott's courage, tenacity or discipline? Major General Phineas Riall, the British commander there, originally thought the advancing Americans were nothing more than militia. The Americans wore gray uniforms similar to those worn by militiamen previously routed by Riall's troops. As Scott's well-disciplined troops inexorably advanced under murderous fire, Riall realized his mistake, exclaiming, "Those are regulars, by God!"

Scott, seeing that the critical moment of the bayonet charge was at hand, rode to the front of his line and spoke to his men. "They say that the Americans are good at long shot but cannot stand the cold iron! I call on you instantly to give the lie to that slander! Charge!"

Behind their general, the Americans charged the British positions and carried them. It is the bravery of Scott's brigade in this battle that West Point cadets commemorate in the wearing of their gray uniforms.

Scott's innovation and daring are well illustrated by his army's landing at Vera Cruz, during the Mexican War, and his subsequent brilliant campaign inland that resulted in the capture of Mexico City and an end to the war. Unable to both capture the Mexican capital and maintain his line of communications with American forces on the coast, Scott boldly elected to move on Mexico City with his 10,000-man army. When that eminent soldier, the Duke of Wellington, heard of Scott's decision to cut his communications and advance, he exclaimed, "Scott is lost! He cannot capture the city and he cannot fall back upon his base!" Perhaps Wellington's view was colored by his personal knowledge of Napoleon's problems in Spain and Russia. Nonetheless, in five weeks,



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Scott moved his army into the Valley of Mexico, fought and won six battles, and immobilized the enemy by capturing his capital city.

Winfield Scott amply demonstrated the values of courage, innovation and discipline that play prominent roles in military history. Yet, Scott also demonstrated other values worth noting, values that may not always receive their due notice. Those values include diplomacy, education and loyalty.

One may wonder how tact and diplomacy could be attributed to such an egocentric as Scott, who in the introduction to his memoirs rather immodestly compared himself with Napoleon. What is surprising about Scott is that he could be constantly at odds with someone in politics or the Army and yet sublimate his personal hostility to his duty. During his years of service, Scott successfully accomplished several sensitive missions requiring tact and diplomacy, such as an 1839 compromise with the British enemy of 1812 over the Maine-Canadian border. Scott also negotiated Indian treaties, helped to calm the nullification crisis in South Carolina in 1832, and assisted in the negotiation of the peace treaty with Mexico. A hundred years before MacArthur became military governor of Japan, Scott was exercising tact and diplomacy in occupied Mexico.

Scott placed great stock in the value of education, and his career epitomizes a belief in upward mobility through hard work and the development of one's talents. Winfield Scott was in every sense an American military success story. Trained in the law at the College of William and Mary in Virginia, Scott successfully lobbied for a commission in the artillery. With the Military Academy then barely in its infancy and in the absence of any other American officer-training program, such direct commissions were the rule, not the exception.

Scott, however, was exceptional in that he took his new duties seriously. He borrowed heavily from a friend's extensive collection of military treatises and histories, teaching himself in his new profession. Scott placed a premium upon education even during wartime. During the War of 1812, for example, Scott carried in his baggage wagon a portable library of carefully selected military books, including histories, biographies of the great captains, and Jomini's earliest works on tactics. Intolerant of incompetence, Scott felt that "fatuity, incapacity, ignorance, imbecility" in a commander of any rank should be "equally punished with cowardice, or giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

Scott's belief in military education explained his patronage of the Military Academy at West Point, which he worked hard to preserve and expand, though it

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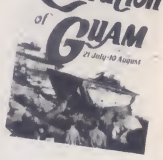

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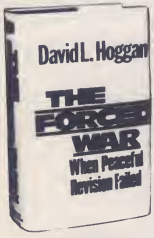

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was often seen as an elitist institution of special privilege and was not always popular in an era of Jacksonian democracy. Scott recognized the Army's need for an institution that would train officers—his patronage was more than repaid by the cadets' subsequent performance in the Mexican War.

Scott later stated, "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, within its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share." Appointed the Commanding General in Chief of the Army in June 1841, Scott was a frequent visitor to West Point.

General Scott was equally laudatory toward citizen-soldiers who faithfully served under his command. His dispatches from Mexico were filled with the names of subordinates, both regular and volunteer, whom Scott wished to bring to the attention of the War Department. Some of these men were then, or were later to become, Scott's political enemies. One commended subordinate was Franklin Pierce, who later defeated Scott for the presidency in 1852. For Scott, however, bravery and meritorious service transcended politics. While Scott was jealous of his own promotion and angered by any attempts to deny him his perceived just recognition, he did not begrudge the success of others.

Scott exhibited the same loyalty to unit and subordinates throughout his long career. He gave unstintingly of himself in the best interests of his troops. This was well illustrated in the summer of 1832 when it was Scott who nursed his troops through the cholera epidemic then sweeping across the nation. Scott's command had been sailing west on the Great Lakes, on its way to join other troops engaged in the Black Hawk War in Illinois and Wisconsin. The cholera caught his men in Detroit, where two soldiers on Scott's steamer were taken sick. Many others soon followed. Scott, however, had had the presence of mind to prepare for this eventuality by preparing a medicine chest and seeking medical advice in advance.

The causes, cure, and prevention of cholera were unknown in 1832. This disease, capable of taking a victim's life in a single day, terrorized the force as it moved west. Scott's medical officer died and the ship's surgeon took to his bed in drunken despair. Scott, however, personally attended the sick and dying.

Scott's loyalty extended beyond concern for subordinates to concern for the Army as an institution. Scott undertook various reforms while in command of various Army departments and, later,

Continued on page 60

A Chasseur's Fate

The Chasseurs of the Guard at Austerlitz

By Keith A. Rocco

Short of reserves during a Russian counterattack to regain the strategic Pratzen Heights outside Austerlitz, Napoleon ordered forward a portion of the Guard Cavalry. After initial success the cavalry faltered before the overwhelming numbers of the Russian Guard but had bought enough time for the infantry reserves to reach the gap. With the hole in the French line secured, the remaining squadrons of the Chasseurs along with squadrons of Mamelukes and Grenadiers charged to their embattled compatriots' aid. They were led by General Rapp who wrote of the encounter: "...The enemy cavalry was slashing at our troopers...then let go and turned on me. Four cannon were brought up at the gallop, unlimbered and set up in battery...We charged the artillery and captured it. The enemy cavalry stood firm awaiting our attack, then broke under the shock and fled in disorder."

Keith Rocco's painting captures the fury of the regiment at the height of the charge, having just overrun the Russian battery. The regiment's Colonel Morland can be seen in the foreground, mortally wounded, as his men follow pressing home the attack. Mr. Rocco possesses a unique ability to capture the authentic feel and rich texture of military history and has few peers. His narrative painting style has been compared with classic Napoleonic painters such as Detaille and DeNeuville. His paintings are painstakingly researched and this limited edition print is accompanied by a descriptive text and certificate of authenticity.

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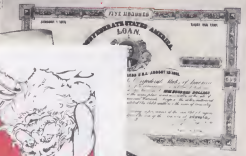
  The South's first Secretary of War, he administered some of its greatest victories, then resigned to take over his own command in the field.



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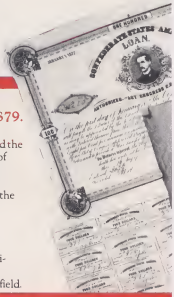

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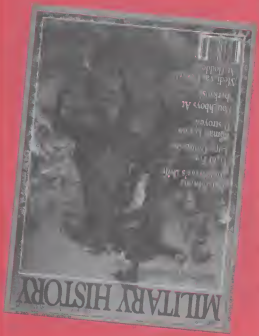

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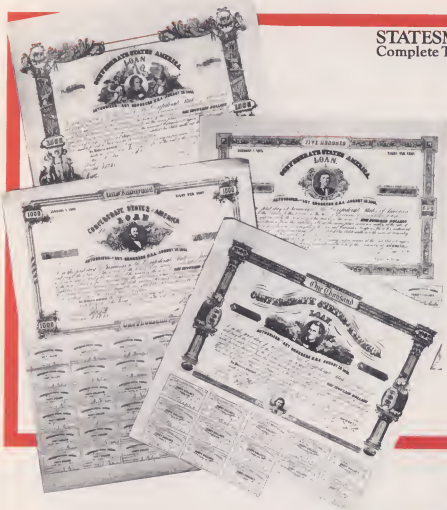

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Accompanied by Escadre Commandant *Joseph Vuillemin (whose aircraft in the right background bears his red "paper horse" emblem), Bréguet 14B2 bombers of* Escadrille Br.108 "Pégase" *strike at selected targets behind German lines. Among their French aircrews are Americans on loan from the U.S. Air Service and a teen-age volunteer from the Persian Embassy in Paris, Djibrail Nazare-Aga.*

JUMPED BY FOKKER CHECKERBOARDS

In World War I, bomber pilot Djibrail Nazare-Aga was a combat veteran before his twentieth birthday. In the month that followed that happy occasion, his prospects of celebrating his twenty-first looked doubtful.

Interview by Jon Guttman

Djibrail Nazare-Aga represents two largely forgotten aspects of the early aerial combat that emerged in World War I. While posterity celebrates the famous fighter aces, he was a bomber pilot of no little distinction. While the exploits of the American volunteers of the Lafayette Escadrille and the Lafayette Flying Corps are well known, Nazare-Aga was among the many pioneer airmen from other nations who also volunteered to fight for France, a cadre often forgotten today.

Although they were Persian (Iranian) citizens, Paris was birthplace and home to Djibrail Nazare-Aga and his cousin Soleyman. When the "City of Light" was threatened by the advancing Germans, they left the safety of their embassy to defend it by joining the French Foreign Legion. Both soon forsook the "flying carpets" of the East for a go at the new, mechanical "flying carpets" of the West, at a time when these, too, were the stuff of legend.

Soleyman Nazare-Aga flew reconnaissance missions with an *escadrille* on the Salonika Front in the Balkans, then returned to the Western Front as a fighter pilot, only to be shot down and taken prisoner soon after. His younger cousin, Djibrail, flew single-engine Bréguet 14B2 two-seaters on strategic daytime bombing missions into the Saar region of Germany and on tactical strikes behind enemy lines during the decisive battles of 1918.

Now in his 90s, Djibrail Nazare-Aga became a naturalized French citizen in 1922.

Guttman: What were you doing in France when the war broke out?

Nazare-Aga: I was born in Paris on September 9, 1898, and have spent most of my life here. My family had been diplomats here for several generations, representing Persia but seldom, if ever, seeing home. My grandfather had been Plenipotentiary Minister to France from 1870 to 1905 and my father, Ardachir Nazare-Aga, was First Secretary to the Persian legation. My uncle, Youssef, was counsellor to the Persian ambassador. His son, my cousin Soleyman, was also born in Paris, on January 29, 1896. We both grew up here and, after war broke out in 1914, Soleyman and I were among the 45,000 who volunteered for service in the Foreign Legion.

Guttman: Why would you have wanted to leave the safety of your embassy to fight for France? Persia was neutral throughout the war, wasn't it?

Nazare-Aga: Yes, which is why Soleyman and I joined the Foreign Legion. France is a great country. As I said, I have lived here all my life, and I have been a French citizen since 1922. I love Paris. In those days, that was reason enough for a good many men from other countries to fight for France, including many from the United States.

Guttman: Oh, yes, and the American volunteer airmen, the Lafayette Flying Corps, are certainly famous enough for that. What is not so well known is that, besides them, France had a veritable "Foreign Legion of the Air," representing scores of volunteers from many other nations, of which you and Soleyman were just two.

Nazare-Aga: I had another uncle living in Paris—Kahraman. He was not with the embassy. He enlisted in the *Régiment de Marche de la Légion Etrangére*, which by the end of the war would be the most decorated unit of the French army. I might add that later, fighting for the Allies during World War II, the *Régiment de Marche* earned further French and American citations and the French *Riband Bleu*. For his part, Kahraman survived the First World War as a *Capitaine de la Légion d'Honneur*, with 10 individual citations for heroism on the battlefield.

Guttman: But what about you and your cousin, Soleyman?

Nazare-Aga: My cousin and I became fascinated with aviation, and in 1915 Soleyman began training, earning his brevet in Caudron G.3s at le Cretoy by the end of the year. From 1916 through 1917, he flew reconnaissance missions with an *escadrille of l'Armée de l'Orient* in Macedonia, mostly flying Farmans from Salonika. In the spring of 1917, he returned to France to train as a fighter pilot, and in July he joined *Escadrille N.82* on the Western Front.

Guttman: There exists a photograph of Soleyman's Nieuport 23, serial number 3714, shown after being shot down by the Germans. Did you know anything of that incident?

Nazare-Aga: Oh, yes. I was still in the process of completing my own training when news came that Soleyman was missing in action. On July 29, 1917, Soleyman took off on his

TOP: Sous-Lieutenant Soleyman Nazare-Aga's Nieuport 23 of N.82 after crash-landing at Festieux on July 29, 1917. Brought down by Oblt. Otto Kummetz of Jasta 1, Soleyman was taken prisoner, but the Germans informed the French of his fate. MIDDLE: A Bréguet 14B2 of Br.131 on a bombing mission shows off the angular lines of the sturdy plane. ABOVE: Lafayette Flying Corps volunteer pilot Sergeant Manderson Lehr makes no secret of his origin on the fuselage of his Bréguet of Br.117.

second sortie with *Escadrille N.82* over Festieux, his patrol engaged a larger group of Albatros scouts, and Soleyman was shot down. Shortly afterward, the Germans dropped a letter in French lines, signed by the commander of the squadron that shot him down, reporting that he had been forced to land in their lines and had been taken prisoner, but that he was in good health. This chivalrous gesture amused and relieved my whole family.

Guttman: German records credited Soleyman to *Oberleutnant* Otto Kummetz, leader of *Jagdstaffel 1.* Later in 1917, Kummetz and his outfit were transferred to Italy, where he brought his score up to seven, but on January 11, 1918, he was shot down and killed in a dogfight over Conegliano by Lieutenant H.T. Thompson, a Sopwith Camel Pilot of 45 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps (RFC).

Nazare-Aga: It is interesting to know the identity of my cousin's opponent after all these years, and to know that he was so formidable an adversary. All I remember of him is that he was a very chivalrous fellow to have informed us of what had become of Soleyman. Airmen did that sort of thing often at that stage of the war. Later, in 1918, air combat was much more earnest, and there was much less chivalry, practically none. By the end of the war, it was kill or be killed, just like on the ground.

Guttman: Returning to your own flying career, when did you start training, and when did you reach the front?

Nazare-Aga: I had enlisted in aviation in 1916 at the age of 17, at Ambérien. On January 26, 1917, I received Brevet No. 5262, flying a 130-horsepower Canton-Unné-engined Voisin. After that, I trained further at Avord, Miramas and Plessis-Bellville. Early in September 1917, I was assigned to *Escadrille Sop.66* of *Groupe de Bombardement 1,* with the rank of sergeant. When I arrived, 66 was already well under way with phasing in the new Bréguet 14B2 bombers, although it also still had some old Sopwith bombers. These were license-built French versions of the British Sopwith 1½-Strutter. There was a two-seat version, the 1B2, and a single-seat version, the 1B1, for long-range flights. They were not good planes. They were too light and too fragile for bombardment work.

Guttman: The Sopwith 1½-Strutter had been an excellent two-seat fighter in 1916, but early in 1917 the state of the art had already passed it by. Did you fly any combat missions in Sopwiths?

Nazare-Aga: No. The *escadrille* did use them for two more months before becoming fully equipped with the Bréguet, but I had trained to fly the new Bréguet, and so did all my flying in Bréguets. The Bréguet 14B2 was one of the best bombing aircraft of the war. It certainly was one of the sturdiest. While most aircraft, such as the Sopwith, were of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, the Bréguet had a frame of aluminum alloy, which was light and very strong.

Guttman: Duralumin. Several farsighted designers experimented with it, mostly Germans like Dr. Hugo Junkers and Claude Dornier, but Louis Bréguet had been using it in the airframes of his designs before the war. The "14" is alleged to have been the first ever to combine extensive use of this material with oxy-welded structural joints, and is considered his masterpiece of the period.

Nazare-Aga: I would agree with that from personal experience. It could certainly take a lot of punishment. It could carry about 20 modified artillery shells or up to 32 eight-kilogram bombs or an equivalent weight in larger bombs, whose fall was controlled by means of a Michelin-designed bomb rack, with generally good accuracy. Lift was controlled by bungee-sprung flaps on the lower wing which changed its airfoil section at low speeds, but which straightened to normal section at speeds above 70 miles per hour. The 14B2's top speed was 107 miles per hour, and it cruised at 75 miles per hour for a three-hour flight.

Guttman: Were there variants?

Nazare-Aga: At the same time as the Bréguet 14B2's debut in September 1917, it was supplemented by a reconnaissance version, the 14A2, which did not have the underwing flaps, and carried a wireless transmitter, a camera and four bombs. There was one thing a Bréguet could not do, though. On November 29, 1917, our commander, Lieutenant Claude Celerier, tried to loop a Bréguet. The third time he did it, a piece of his wing broke off, and he crashed. He and his gunner, *Maréchal-des-Logis* Museur, were killed.

Guttman: *Br.66*, as it was called when it flew Bréguets, was a pretty famous outfit, wasn't it? They were generally known as "the Hawks."

Nazare-Aga: "*Les Éperviers.*" That refers to the squadron insignia: 66 carried the image of an Egyptian hawk on the fuselage sides of its aircraft. It was one of only nine *escadrilles* that got at least four Order of the Army citations during the war. Later, when it was attached to *Groupe de Bombardement 6*, it operated with two sister *escadrilles* which would claim the same distinction by the end of the war: *Br.108* "*Pégase*" (Pegasus) and *Br.111* "*Les Cygnes*" (Swans).

Guttman: Your first personal citation indicates that you were credited with an aerial victory on December 22, 1917. Could you describe what happened on that occasion?

Nazare-Aga: In December 1917, *GB.1* was engaged in bombing German cities from the Vosges sector. On December 22, I was flying my second combat mission when I was attacked by seven enemy fighters. My bombardier, Sergeant Boudier, managed to shoot one of them down, and I managed to get us both home unhurt, although our plane was so shot up that it was written off upon our return. In two-seaters, pilot and gunner would both be awarded credit for an aerial victory, so we were both so credited. Unfortunately, Boudier was lost later, while flying with another pilot.

Guttman: As far as I can determine from German records, your unidentified antagonist in that 1917 encounter survived his crash in German lines. Still, it must have given you some satisfaction to have personally paid the Germans back for the capture of Soleyman. But, too, didn't the unit structure of the French bombing squadrons undergo a reorganization around that time?

Nazare-Aga: A bit later. In February 1918, *GB.1* was reorganized as a night-bombing unit and *Br.66* was reassigned to a new day-bombardment group, *Groupe de Bombardement 6*. About this same time, the groups were gathered into larger elements called *escadres*, *GB.6* becoming part of *Escadre 12* under the active leadership of *Commandant* Joseph Vuillemin. Vuillemin was a very great soldier and always the first over the objective. It was he who organized the *escadre*, which comprised three *groupes* of three *escadrilles* each and which formed in advance prior to the mission. We would come in at low altitude (1,000 to 1,500 meters) over the enemy objective, 100 planes strong, usually in mutually protective waves of seven machines each, generally accompanied by heavily armed Caudron R.11 twin-engine, three-seat escort fighters for even further protection.

Guttman: What units comprised *Escadre 12?*

Nazare-Aga: That varied a bit at first, but by the middle of 1918, the organization was pretty settled as follows: *GB.5 (Br.117, 120, 127), GB.6 (Br.66, 108* and *111), GB.9 (Br.29, 123* and *129)*, and the Caudron-equipped escort squadron, *R.240*.

From the time of the great German offensive begun on March 21, 1918, the pace of the air war quickened toward its climax. We were pulled out of the Vosges region to assist in the defense of Paris and flew tactical, rather than strategic, bombing missions against enemy supply lines, rail depots, troop concentrations and so forth. *Br.66* flew one dangerous bombing mission after another, with very little to distinguish one from another.

A French soldier examines a blue and white painted Fokker DVII of Jasta 12 shot down during the fierce air battles of August 1918.

Guttman: You are mentioned, however, in a report of *Br.66*'s activities on July 15, 1918.

Nazare-Aga: That was the day the German *I, III* and *VII Armees* launched their assault across the river Marne, using pontoon bridges to augment such permanent bridges as were still intact. They were opposed by the French *IV ème, V ème* and *VI ème Armées* and elements of the American First Army and Marine Corps. Air support for both sides was considerable, with massed attacks by the French fighters and bombers alike contributing significantly to the failure of the German offensive. *Escadre 12*, based at St. Dizier, sent 88 Bréguets with an escort of 10 Caudron R.11s against the bridges, and, between 1000 and 1100 hours on July 15, dropped 17,000 kg of bombs and fired 6,000 rounds. Two aircraft from *GB.5* did not return, but three German fighters were credited to the *Groupe*.

Guttman: That sortie has been written up?

Nazare-Aga: The squadron log of *Br.66* has been cited to exemplify the effort made by all of our air service that day, and it does tell the story: "9:30 to 11:45: Ten crews dropped 24 projectiles each on footbridges, bridges, on convoys, between Courcelles and Treloup; they dispersed a convoy stopped on the road from Chassins to Treloup. *Lt.* Ardisson machine-gunned troops crossing a footbridge. A patrol of seven planes attacked two planes from the group. *Adj.* Henin and *Adj.* Osmond were attacked by four adversaries. 'Numerous shots exchanged without result.' They rescued the crew of *Sgt.* Nazare, attacked by two single-seaters, shooting at them pointblank."

Guttman: How did you, yourself, write it up?

Nazare-Aga: I looked up the flight of July 15 in my 1918 flight log and it mentions: "Five bullets in the machine, but not in the pilot, who never did take any!"

By July 20, the Germans had withdrawn back across the Marne while the French counterattacked. Then, on August 8, after the British had launched their offensive across the Somme River, we were sent north to support them. Coincidentally, my uncle, *Capitaine* Kahraman Nazare-Aga, was fighting just a little to the south of the Somme sector, with the *Régiment de Marche de la Légion Etrangére*. At about that same time, I was transferred to neighboring *Escadrille Br.108*. By then, I had been commissioned a *sous* (sub)-*lieutenant*.

TOP: The American shield on this Bréguet 14B2 of Br.111 "Les Cygnes" *identifies the pilot as Sergeant André Gundelach, who later flew in the U.S. Air Service before being killed in action on September 12, 1918. MIDDLE:* Sous-Lieutenant *Alexandre Caulliez and his bombardier pose by his Bréguet* "Le P'tit Quin Quin" *of* Br.108. *Nazare-Aga saw no sense in personalizing his aircraft. ABOVE: Members of* GB.6 *assemble by a Bréguet of* Br.66 *after the Armistice. Third from right is* Lt. *Jean Luciani,* Br.108's *commander; at far left is* S/Lt. *Djibrail Nazare-Aga.*

Guttman: At that time, there were at least five Americans who had been with that unit since July 7: 1/Lts. Harold W. Andrews and Lloyd C. Cosper and 2/Lts. Clayton E. Reitz, Newell C. Barber and George C. Reedy. These were not Lafayette volunteers, but members of the U.S. Air Service, assigned to French units through the *Groupe Division d'Entrainement* to gain combat experience until their American squadrons had enough aircraft. Did you know any of them?

Nazare-Aga: I only knew one of them. George Reedy was a good friend of mine, and flew several missions as my bombardier. Do you know what became of him after he departed *Br.108*?

Guttman: I regret to say that I haven't found any information on his postwar whereabouts. I only know of his record with your unit. By the time Reedy returned to the U.S. Army in October 1918, he had logged 40 flying hours, 18 missions, four combats and one aerial victory. The latter came on August 10, when *Br.108* flew a mission over the Ham-Lassigny-Chauny area, during which an attacking enemy plane was shared between the crews of *Sous-Lieutenant* Fouan, *Lieutenant* Marques, *Sous-Lieutenant* Maquet, *Sergeant* Duro and 2/Lt. Reedy. Their victim was probably Leutnant Paul Wenzel, a 10-victory "*Kanone*" who since July 19 had been *Staffelführer* of *Jasta* 6, an element of *Jagdgeschwader I*, the famous "Richthofen Circus." Wenzel was leading an inexperienced flight of newcomers against the Bréguets in a poorly coordinated attack when he was hit. Wenzel came down badly wounded and was posted out of the *Staffel* on August 30. Reedy and your comrades didn't do badly for themselves on that day.

Nazare-Aga: The German Fokkers certainly put up a fierce fight at that time, and it was not to let up. Enemy fighters were very active against us almost to the end of the war. They would dive into our squadrons, and generally there would be some losses to them. German antiaircraft fire was also very accurate, and we seldom came through that without some holes in our planes. That *Br.108* suffered as few casualties as it did was partly thanks to our massed bombing tactics, largely thanks to the strength of our Bréguets, and very much simply a matter of luck. In September 1918, we were in the Toul Sector supporting the American offensive at St. Mihiel, again in the face of heavy German opposition. To give you an idea of how intense the air fighting was over there, I had five Bréguets wrecked, shot up or otherwise written off in a two-week period.

Guttman: I suppose it was futile to have one assigned, personal aircraft.

Nazare-Aga: Well, earlier the subject had come up of aircraft markings. *Br.108*'s squadron insignia was Pegasus with a bomb in his mouth. I know of at least one plane that was given a personal nickname by its pilot, S/Lt. Caulliez, but I never bothered with such things and, although I was assigned a specific individual identification number on the fin of my plane, I do not remember it. I kept changing planes so often, as each was written off, that the individual numeral lost its significance entirely. Number 5 . . . Number 9 . . . I think I flew them at one time or another, but not for long before they would have to be replaced.

Guttman: And yet, somehow, they always held together just long enough to get you home.

Nazare-Aga: After my return from one mission, my mechanic showed me that three of the four longerons of my fuselage had been shot apart by an attacking Fokker DVII—I had come back with only one holding the plane together. Early in October, my left undercarriage leg was blown away, but I managed to make a pancake landing south of Châlons-sur-Marne. Such attrition says a lot about the intensity of the fighting, but it also shows how strong the Bréguet was.

Guttman: During your time in the Toul Sector, did you ever come into contact with any of your colleagues of the

DeHavilland DH-4s of Independent Force, RAF, close up to fend off attacking Fokker Dr.Is and D.VIIs. Nazare-Aga's Groupe *flew at least one mission with that British force over the St. Mihiel salient in September 1918.*

American First Day Bombardment Group, or with the British Independent Force of General Hugh Trenchard?

Nazare-Aga: I never visited any American squadrons, and never got to speak to any of their men. We did have occasion to fly missions with General Trenchard's force during a bombardment of German troop concentrations in the woods.

Guttman: Your Legion of Honor citation mentions that you were credited with a second aerial victory on October 9, 1918. Do you remember the details of that fight?

Nazare-Aga: *Br.108* was engaged in a high-altitude raid on Vouziers, 130 kilometers behind enemy lines at 5,500 meters altitude when we were attacked by two strong enemy formations. *Sergeants* Lhert, Proussart, Pirio, Gilet, *Capitaine* Roux and *Soldat* Salles accounted for one Fokker D.VII. Flying in the last formation of the *Escadre*, I and my gunner, *Adjutant* Douville, fell behind and were alone when we were attacked by seven Fokkers marked with black and white checks. Once again, our Bréguet was riddled, but somehow, once again, it held together. Douville sent one of the D.VIIs down in flames and forced another down, damaged, before I at last managed to lose the rest in a cloud. About that moment, I felt a burning sensation and a wetness spreading down my pants leg, and I thought I had been wounded. It turned out to be gasoline. One bullet put a hole through my fuel tank, and the gasoline was dripping on my leg. Of course I carried on, hoping to make it to friendly territory before the fuel ran out. I was able to come down just inside Allied lines. I landed among French troops in the countryside near Dun-sur-Meuse. Let me ask you—were there any corresponding German losses?

Guttman: *Jasta* 68, which operated in your sector, lost two men when their Fokkers crashed near Preutin: *Leutnant* Gerhard Hoffmann and *Unteroffizier* Paul Dyrbusch. *Br.108* was credited with two Fokkers during that mission, including yours, and those might have been the "checkerboards" you'd been fighting.

Nazare-Aga: A month later, the war ended, which brought freedom to Soleyman. After the war, having already earned three citations and the *Croix de Guerre* with Palm, I was named a *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur* on April 19, 1919.

Guttman: What did you do after the Armistice?

Nazare-Aga: In 1922, I became a naturalized French citizen, and during the Nazi occupation in World War II, I worked with the French Resistance. After the Second World War, I pursued a career in electricity and the manufacture of nonferrous metals. Soleyman spent half his life in France, the other half in America. He died in Paris in 1967.

I am the last survivor of *Br.108* since the death of my former commander, Jean Luciani, late in 1983, at 101 years of age. I used to keep in touch with surviving squadron mates, including Luciani, who at age 35 had been the oldest man in the *escadrille*. I was the youngest. I still keep in touch with fellow legionnaires and, if you must write of my life and deeds, let them be chronicled in the context of, and for the honor of, the French Foreign Legion. □

Jon Guttman, research director at Empire Press, is an accomplished aviation historian in his own right. He wishes, though, to gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Jack Eder, the late Harry van Dorssen, Frank W. Bailey, and the Service Historique de l'Armée de l'Air, *in the preparation of his interview in France with Mr. Nazare-Aga. For further reading, try* A History of French Military Aviation *by Charles Christienne and Pierre Lissarague. Highly recommended for those specifically interested in World War I aviation are the quarterlies,* Over the Front, Cross and Cockade International *and* Windsock, *and the monthly* WWI Aero.

PRIDE TAKEN FROM VICTORY

At Louisbourg in 1745, it seemed impossible for the ill-disciplined New England colonials to overcome the greatest fortress in all North America. That thought didn't bother them at all.

By Eric Niderost

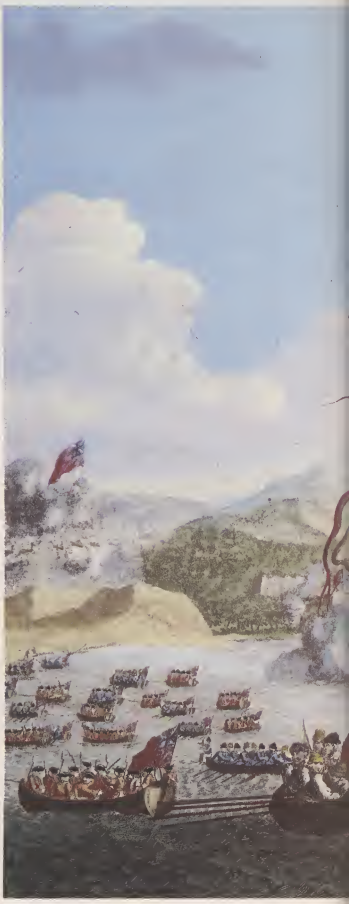
The great French fortress of Louisbourg had never known such a celebration. The year was 1744, the month was May, and France had just struck the first North American blow against England in the newly declared War of the Austrian Succession.

As soon as he received definite news of war, Louis le Prevost, *Seigneur du* Quesnel, had dispatched an expedition against the English outpost of Canso some 50 miles down the coast. Governor Quesnel's instincts apparently had been sound, for the raiders were returning home victorious, their ships' holds bulging with booty and English prisoners.

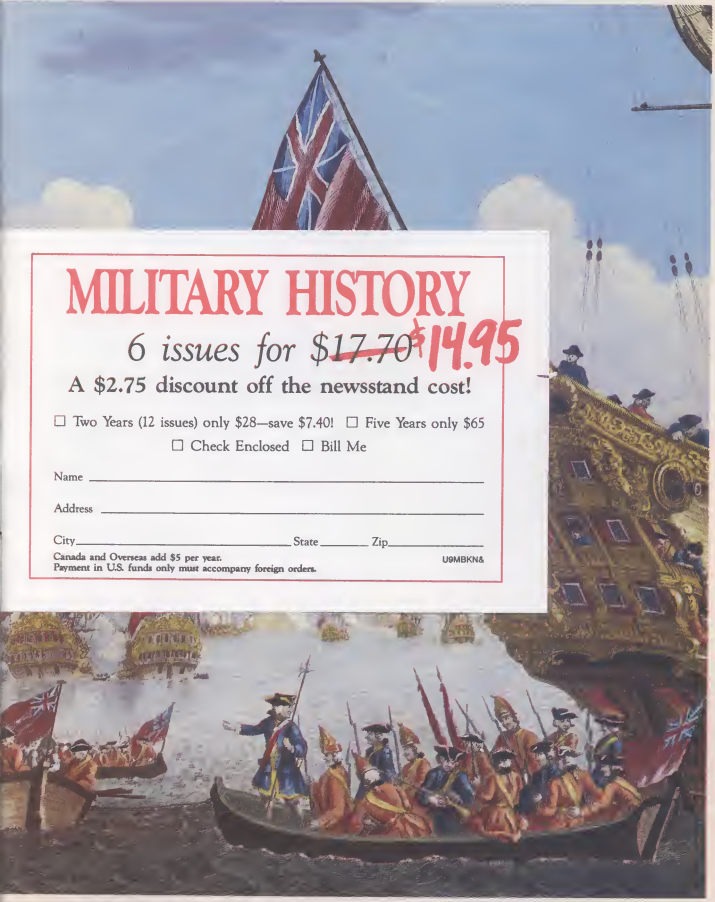
Cannon salutes thundered over the harbor, vibrating windows with their earsplitting reports. The civilian population flocked to the waterfront, happy to welcome the conquering heroes and grateful for anything that might break the tedium of their bleak lives. White-coated marines and redcoated Swiss mercenaries marched about smartly, and officers collected near the waterfront to form an official welcoming committee.

After some delay, the British prisoners were landed and prodded through the fortress town, tangible proof of the success of Gallic arms. Citizens craned their necks to get a better view of the spectacle. Here, before their very eyes, were the hated *Anglais*! More specifically, these captives were British colonials, called *Bostonnais* by the French because most hailed from New England.

The long file of prisoners trudged dejectedly through the narrow cobbled streets of Louisbourg. Some wore masks of indifference or hostility, but others bore expressions of undisguised admiration. They gazed in awe at the magnificent stone fortifications, the imposing multistory buildings, the harbor crowded with ships.



On April 30, 1745, British regulars and colonial troops, backed up by the guns of 100 warships, disembark to assault the formidable French fortress at Louisbourg. For the first time in the New World, an irresistible force is about to crash into an immovable object.



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By Eric

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On April 30, 1745, British regulars and colonial troops, backed up by the guns of 100 warships, disembark to assault the formidable French fortress at Louisbourg. For the first time in the New World, an irresistible force is about to crash into an immovable object.

The British besieged Louisbourg twice in less than 14 years. From June 8 through July 26, 1758, 9,000 British troops, including the 58th Regiment of Foot seen here, supported by 40 ships, reduced Louisbourg's 3,000-man garrison to surrender.

This brooding pile of stone, mortar and cannon indeed had the look of a European stronghold, a far cry from the flimsy wooden stockades or blockhouses the New Englanders were used to. And as they marched ever closer to their waiting cells, a few observed Louisbourg with a more practiced eye, duly noting every feature of the defenses and committing those details to memory. Once these men were released—and they would be since Louisbourg had few provisions to feed them—they would provide the British with valuable information on the fortress town.

Louisbourg was France's answer to the encroaching British Empire. Ever since 1689, England and France had been at each other's throats. The two rivals would go to war, fight for a number of years, then sign a peace that was only a thinly disguised truce. The name of the war might change, and allies would be swapped with the ease of changing partners at a court ball, but England and France were always on opposing sides.

The New World reflected the rivalries of the Old. A scattering of English colonies clung to the Atlantic seaboard, from the fringes of French Canada in the frigid north to the borders of Spanish Florida in the humid south. By the early 1700s, the British colonies boasted a combined population of some 400,000, while French Canada could barely muster 25,000 inhabitants.

In 1713, under the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht that had ended the War of the Spanish Succession, France ceded Newfoundland and Arcadia (today's Nova Scotia) to the victorious English. As a sop to Gallic pride, the English allowed the French to keep Cape Breton Island, a fist of land that juts into the Atlantic just off Nova Scotia. The French knew Cape Breton as Isle Royale, but there was nothing regal about the place. The island was literally a howling wilderness, where fierce Atlantic gales blew off the open ocean with undiminished force. Though some fertile patches existed, Cape Breton was largely barren, a place of marshes and windblown pines.

Nevertheless, King Louis XIV of France grasped the strategic value of the island. To begin with, Cape Breton was near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and the St. Lawrence was a watery highway into the very heart of French Canada. Then, too, the seas near the island boasted some of the best fisheries in the world—the seas teemed with cod and other species. With a fortress built on Cape Breton, the whole strategic picture vis-a-vis the English would change. Like a cork in a bottle, a fortress would block the seaward approaches of the St. Lawrence to the British Royal Navy. Louisbourg—named in honor of the aging French monarch—would provide a base for French fishermen in time of peace and French privateers in time of war.

Louis XIV ordered the fortress plans to be drawn up at once, but France was war-weary and her bureaucrats notoriously corrupt and lazy. A full seven years were to pass before the first spadeful of earth was turned, and by that time Louis XIV had died and been replaced by the boy-king, Louis XV. French engineers chose *Havre a la Anglais*, the ironically named English harbor, as the site for Louisbourg. English fishermen had once frequented the area, giving the place its name, and its harbor simply was the best for miles around.

Slowly but surely, the great fortress then rose beside its magnificent harbor. The site encompassed 57 acres, and plans were based on the designs of Sebastien le Prestre, *Seigneur* de Vauban, one of the greatest military engineers of all time. On the landward side of the fortress, stone walls bristling with cannon rose 30 feet high and at least a foot thick. The walls were angled to form a scarp to a ditch, and on the far side of the ditch a covered way and counterscarp completed what was in effect a dry moat. Beyond the ditch, sloped mounds

of earth formed a glacis to absorb or deflect cannonballs.

At select points along the wall, bastions thrust out from the main emplacements. The *Dauphin Bastion* anchored the landward walls to the north, the *Bastion du Roy*, or King's Bastion, guarded the center, and the *Bastion de la Reine*, or Queen's Bastion, loomed near the sea side of the fortress. It was the protruding bastions, together with the pointed glacis, that gave Louisbourg the characteristic star shape of the classic Vauban fort.

The harbor side of the fortress seemed less formidable. A low-slung wall ran along the waterfront, and *Bastion Maurepas* stood alone, save for a few supplementary batteries.

But the harbor defenses did not end there. Near the harbor mouth, a small *demi-lune* fort perched on a protruding outcrop of rock. Dubbed Island Battery, this fort had 30 24-pounder cannons peering from its embrasures. Just across the bay stood Grand Battery, its field of fire designed to complement that of its island neighbor.

In addition, Nature herself was enlisted in the French cause. Though seemingly wide, the harbor entrance was really quite narrow. Dangerous shoals lurked beneath the placid waters, and a necklace of small islands lay scattered in a wide arc. A British warship lucky enough to negotiate these natural obstacles would come under the guns of Grand and Island batteries, as well as those from Louisbourg itself. The combined crossfire of formidable 24- and 42-pounder cannons would blow any ship out of the water.

Inside its forbidding walls, Louisbourg was more like a French provincial town than a frontier outpost. Sturdy homes of wood or stone rose beside a grid of cobblestone or gravel streets. The governor of Cape Breton Island was housed in Chateau St. Louis, an imposing three-story structure that nestled behind the *Bastion du Roy*. His office and reception rooms echoed the splendors of Versailles with their gilt-frame mirrors, rich tapestries and elegant furniture. Yet, 500 garrison troops were lodged in the same building, crammed into barracks noted for their filth and lack of privacy.

On the frontier, Louisbourg had the amenities—and vices—of European civilization. Stores abounded, offering goods of many kinds. A tavern, grog shops and brothels attracted off-duty soldiers and visiting sailors. But Louisbourg's pride was the Hospital of St. John. Built at a time when medical facilities were rare in America, this 112-bed institution boasted kitchens, a bakery, brewhouse and laundry.

Far to the south, meanwhile, trouble was in the offing for the French fortress. The Massachusetts Bay Colony was larger than the state of today—its Eastern District, now Maine, was on the very borders of French Canada. When prominent merchant William Vaughan heard of the French attack on Canso, his anger knew no bounds. Vaughan and other colonial businessmen weary of French attacks found this latest provocation to be a last straw. In the doughty merchant's mind, there could be no peace until Louisbourg was captured by the colonies.

As Vaughan then laid his case before Massachusetts Governor William Shirley, the merchant argued so persuasively that Shirley was quickly won over. The Massachusetts legislature, initially reluctant, eventually voted in favor of a Louisbourg expedition.

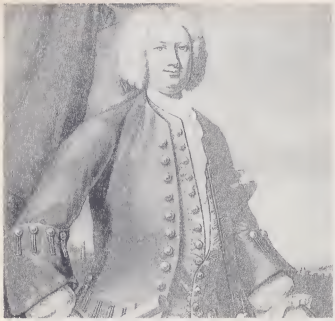
Vaughan and Shirley proposed that the colonies take the fortress themselves, without the aid of British troops. It was a novel, bold and perhaps foolhardy idea—that a few thousand civilians-in-arms could singlehandedly capture the greatest fortress in North America. Nevertheless, the plans were approved and word of the Louisbourg expedition spread across the length and breadth of New England.

With the Puritan tradition still strong in the northern colonies, ministers mounted their pulpits to preach a holy "crusade" against the French Catholic "papists." Louisbourg was

TOP: Louisbourg was the outer bastion of a watery lifeline to Québec. Aside from the items of trade themselves, the French attitude toward the Indians in the course of that trade maintained good relations that proved invaluable in their wars with the British. ABOVE: Indians allied to the French show off trophies captured from the British.

the Citadel of Satan, they thundered, the hotbed of idolatry. Their exhortations fell on receptive ears. French privateers had wreaked havoc on the high seas. On land, the French led or encouraged Indian attacks against British settlements. The whole frontier lived in terror of the tomahawk and scalping knife. Yes, now was the time to deal with the French menace once and for all.

Recruitment began in February 1745, while much of New England was still under a mantle of snow. Men came from near and far, breath misting in the cold air as they trudged to Boston. Massachusetts and what is now Maine supplied most of the men, though Connecticut and New Hampshire also sent contingents. Enthusiasm for the venture cooled in direct proportion to the distance from French Canada. In Philadelphia, a printer named Ben Franklin wrote his brother in Boston: "Fortified towns are hard nuts to crack; and your teeth are not accustomed to it."



Prior to being placed in command of the colonial forces, William Pepperrell was a lumber merchant, but his charisma sufficed to hold his poorly disciplined army together.

British naval support would be of prime importance, a key to the project's ultimate success. The colonists possessed a few armed sloops, but none would be a match for a French ship-of-the-line. Most of England's powerful navy was tied up in Europe, guarding the home island from a threatened French invasion. At last, though, their lordships of the Admiralty relented and allowed Commodore Peter Warren's West Indian squadron to join the proposed Louisbourg expedition. Warren's squadron included his flagship *Superb*, 60 guns; and three other ships of 40 guns each.

William Pepperrell of Kittery was appointed supreme commander of the assembling colonial forces. Like most of his men, Pepperrell had never heard a shot fired in anger, but he was intelligent and a natural leader. A prominent lumber merchant, his bewigged features fairly radiated confidence. He was also well liked, and charisma, not discipline, was the cement that would hold his untrained army together.

Without sufficient artillery, though, the enterprise was questionable from the start. A hodgepodge of guns was hastily assembled, including eight 22-pounders, ten 18s, twelve 9s and a few mortars. Most of the available ammunition didn't fit the ordnance, but the colonials were confident. Many believed it would be a simple matter to storm the walls of Louisbourg, capture the enemy guns and turn them on the French.

By mid-March, Boston harbor was a forest of masts as vessels of every size and description gathered to take the Provincial army to Louisbourg. The army itself was at full strength—4,200 farmers, apprentices and woodsmen. Save for a few officers, most didn't have uniforms, but wore an odd assortment of civilian garb. Most of the amateur soldiers had muskets, though, and would make first-class warriors if given the proper training.

On March 24, 1745, the colonials set sail with the cheers of Boston ringing in their ears. Unfortunately, most of the soldiers were landlubbers and the winter seas were rough. Packed in smelly holds, swaying and pitching with every wave, the men became violently seasick. As one queasy warrior noted in his diary, "Our distress Encreas'd inasmuch as our sickness not only Continued, but the weather grew, Thicker and more Stormy. . . ."

After 12 tempest-tossed days, the invasion fleet finally reached Canso, scene of the successful French raid the previous summer and only 50 miles from their objective. Grateful to see dry land, the volunteers landed and quickly recovered from their ordeal. The brief sojourn stretched to three weeks when scout ships reported ice still clogged Louisbourg's harbor area. The extra time was put to good use as the few trained drillmasters on hand tried to whip the raw recruits into some kind of shape. By the end of April, the New Englanders reboarded their transports for the last leg of the journey.

On the morning of April 30, the Provincial fleet hove to off Gabarus Bay, an inlet about five miles from Louisbourg proper. Though forewarned of the attack, French observers stood in awe of the enemy armada. Ships dotted the ocean almost as far as the eye could see. Counting escort vessels, there were nearly 100 ships in this vast assemblage.

Hoping to distract the defenders, Commodore Warren cruised just outside the harbor and began lobbing broadsides at the fortress town. Island Battery took up the gauntlet, and the morning air was filled with the booming reports of their duel. Inside Louisbourg, bells rang the *tocsin* or alarm as soldiers hurried to their posts and citizens ran for cover. In spite of its formidable appearance, Louisbourg had some serious weaknesses. No more than 90 guns were in place, though the walls were pierced for 148. Parts of the fortress were poorly built; corrupt contractors had used large amounts of government money to buy cheap materials, then pocketed the difference.

Even the garrison could not be trusted. A brief mutiny had broken out a few months earlier when Swiss mercenaries demanded better conditions. The mutiny had been suppressed, but the soldiers were unreliable and might go over to the enemy if given the chance. Years of neglect, corruption and bureaucratic inertia were bearing bitter fruit.

While Warren slugged it out with Island Battery, the first wave of invaders prepared to land. Men clambered down the sides of bobbing troopships to fill whaleboats alongside. After a brief skirmish on the beach, a party of defenders withdrew to the main works, but not before torching some outlying houses to cover their retreat. Large-scale sorties were out of the question; the garrison could not be trusted.

For the next several days, troops, supplies and artillery were ferried ashore in spite of rough seas and treacherous currents. It took Herculean efforts to lash cumbersome cannons to rafts in the face of high winds and crashing surf. Mishaps were frequent; rafts were smashed to kindling on the rocky shore and some men drowned. Nevertheless, the bulk of the army's ordnance and supplies managed to reach shore.

A fairly flat stretch of ground facing the landward walls was selected as the main Provincial encampment. Canvas tents sprang up like grey-white mushrooms, each placed according to its owner's whim or fancy. Shelter was of the utmost concern; the nights were bitterly cold and the men wet from frequent work details in the surf. Survival-wise frontiersmen went to nearby forests and cut pine boughs to use as bedding. City-bred apprentices and gangly farm boys wrapped themselves in sodden blankets, crouched around smokey fires, and drained rum containers to fortify themselves against the cold. In spite of such precautions, the sick list grew with every passing day.

On May 2, a party of 400 men, led by the same William Vaughan who suggested the expedition, set off to probe the hilly country north of the fortress. As the march progressed, small groups pared off from the main body to forage among the small French farms in the interior.

After giving the guns of Louisbourg a wide berth, Vaughan's party followed a path that paralleled the inner harbor. Progress was slow, since the ground was rough, thickly wooded, and little better than an Indian hunting trail. After burning some abandoned fishing shacks, Vaughan and his men encountered a series of large wooden warehouses. Just beyond

these buildings, the sinister profile of Grand Battery loomed in the distance.

The warehouses were found to contain naval stores—pitch, tar, cordage and wood. As property of the French king, they were legitimate spoils of war and would be valuable assets to the British Royal Navy. Unfortunately, landlubbing provincials had no use for naval stores—particularly if a pyrotechnic display would provide a few moment's diversion. Lighted brands were thrust into each warehouse, then the men stood back to watch the show. Flames greedily consumed the stores, turning thousands of livres' worth of supplies into ash and billowing coils of oily smoke.

Though the blazing warehouses were well within range of Grand Battery, its guns were strangely silent. Suspecting a trap, and unwilling to hazard the lives of his own men, Vaughan sent an Indian scout forward to reconnoiter the position. To sweeten what was obviously a dangerous mission, the colonel produced a pocket flask of brandy and gave the Indian a swig before sending him on his way. Moments later the native climbed the battery wall and disappeared through one of its embrasures.

The scout brought back incredible news: The battery was abandoned. Vaughan and his men—now only 13 individuals—quickly took possession of this prize, and once inside could scarcely believe their eyes. The battery was intact, though the touchholes of the cannons had been spiked. There was powder and shells in abundance, and neat pyramids of cannonballs stood by each gun. Once the spikes were removed from the 42-pounder cannon—a difficult but not impossible task—these massive weapons could be turned on the main fortress.

Vaughan had no flag, so the scarlet coat of 18-year-old William Tufts was pressed into service. The homemade garment was run up the battery flagstaff, a grand if rather limp symbol of British colonial defiance. It was Governor Louis Dupont du Chambon who had ordered the evacuation of the Grand Battery upon recommendation of a council of war. It was argued at the time that the battery was untenable and its 200-man garrison would be put to better use in Louisbourg itself. Battery Captain Chassin de Thierry had suggested the entire outwork be leveled to the ground, but his proposals fell on deaf ears.

Now regretting his decision, Governor du Chambon dispatched four boatloads of marines—about 100 men in all—to retake the fallen battery.

Straining at their oars, the French flotilla plowed through the fingers of fog that misted and swirled about the harbor. When the boats were in musket range, Vaughan and his handful of men unleashed a telling fire on the approaching whitecoats. Guns from Louisbourg boomed in reply, but their covering fire did the marines more harm than good. Great geysers of water mushroomed near the boats as the "friendly" fire fell far short of its intended target. Caught in the middle of an ironic crossfire, the marines veered off and returned to base.

The capture of Grand Battery and its ample supplies was a welcome development, but when General Pepperrell and his senior officers scanned the ground before Louisbourg their faces were etched with concern. Much of the land was a watery bog, a viscous, muddy expanse barely able to support a carpet of moss, let alone the weight of a full-grown man. And if a man could be swallowed up in this unstable "pudding," what would happen to a cannon?

Yet firm ground *did* exist. A mound called Green Hill rose right in the middle of the swamp, a gun platform designed by the hand of nature. The obviously solid island in a swampy, liquid sea seemed to taunt the New Englanders by its very nearness. In order to reach the hill, however, guns would have to be dragged over a half-mile of bog, a seemingly impossible task.

Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Meserve of New Hampshire came forward with a solution: stone boats. Familiar to every New Englander, "stone boats" were wooden sledges used to gather boulders when farm fields were cleared. As axemen hurriedly felled timber, sledges 16 feet long were constructed. Though the army had few (if any) draft animals, it did have manpower in abundance. While human harnesses called "bricoles" attached to the sledges, scouts were sent into the swamp to blaze a trail through the mire. After careful probing, a relatively shallow area about three feet deep was discovered and marked.

Once a cannon was secure on a sledge, 200 men attached themselves to the guide cables and began to pull with all

LOUISBOURG AGAIN AN ENGLISH GOAL

The French would see their great fortress of Louisbourg fall a second time just 10 years after they regained control of it by treaty in 1748, in turn just three years after Colonel Pepperrell and his New Englanders took the place by storm in 1745.

The campaign of 1758, coming as a part of the worldwide Seven Years' War between France and England, was initiated by William Pitt. Determined to drive the French from North America, he set three goals for 1758—oust the French from Louisbourg, from Ticonderoga, and from Fort Duquesne.

The first was accomplished by General Jeffery Amherst, whose officers included a still-young James Wolfe. The latter was an interesting and key choice, since he would be the British general taking Québec, the greatest prize of all, from the French in 1759. Like Nelson at Trafalgar some years later, he would die in the peak battle of his career.

Louisbourg, as in 1745, did not fall easily to the British in 1758. They massed 11,600 troops and 41 warships for the effort, landing at the same spot as the New Englanders of 1745. Arriving on June 3, they laid siege to the Chevalier di Dracour's distinctly inferior force of 3,800 troops until the French surrendered on July 26.

As a result, the English now commanded the entrance to the great St. Lawrence River running all the way to the Great Lakes in the heart of the upper continent.

In the West, meanwhile, the advancing British (with young George Washington in the party) found Fort Duquesne razed by fire and abandoned. They occupied the site, and renamed it Fort Pitt (later to become Pittsburgh). Thus was Pitt's desire fulfilled to control the gateway to the West.

His third goal for 1758, Ticonderoga, proved a tougher nut to crack. Under the Marquis of Montcalm, the French at Ticonderoga turned aside James Abercrombie's repeated (and foolish) frontal attacks at such cost to the British that they were forced to desist. The same Montcalm, of course, would be Wolfe's rival commander at Québec the following year; he also would be fatally wounded as the center of French influence in North America then fell to the British.

The loss at Ticonderoga, meanwhile, had been somewhat offset by unexpected success elsewhere—a British force crossing Lake Ontario destroyed the French Fort Frontenac. It was this blow, really, that led to French abandonment of Fort Duquesne.

Thus were the French driven from the Ohio Valley and back into Canada. Too, the stage was set for the campaigns of 1759 that would culminate with the capture of Québec on September 13. Thus, North America would be essentially English in language and influence.

Contrary to contemporary depictions like the one shown above, "Pepperrell's boys" were more like a mob than an army. Fortunately for them, the French were also having problems.

their might. Backs bent, shoulders hunched against the pull, they made slow but steady progress. Whenever a man took a step, he sank knee-deep—sometimes waist-deep—in the primordial slime. Movement was difficult, and often achieved at the cost of losing one's shoes and stockings to the mud. The men worked in relays; when one toiler neared exhaustion, another would take his place. In a spirit of equality rare for that era, even General Pepperrell took his turn on the ropes.

After four days of back-breaking labor, six cannon were in place on Green Hill, well protected by stone-faced earthworks. Barefooted, befouled with mud, lacerated and bleeding from the hidden rocks and roots encountered along the way, these grimy warriors had achieved the impossible. The work had been done under the cover of darkness or when a blanket of fog enveloped the swamp. From the French perspective, the Green Hill Battery seemed more like a feat of magic than a feat of arms. Their own engineers had assured them the swamp was impenetrable. Suddenly, one of the six Green Hill behemoths sprang to life and hurled a cannonball that crashed into a barracks roof behind the King's Bastion.

It was the beginning of an intense bombardment that would last for weeks. As the days passed, and more and more Provincial batteries were brought into action, Louisbourg was engulfed in a ring of fire. Unfortunately, trained gunners were few in the Provincial army, and could not be everywhere at once. All too frequently, novice artillerymen overloaded their pieces with fatal results. One Provincial diarist recorded that: "I am inform'd that we have Lost five men at our batteries this day. One was killed by the Breaking of a cannon . . . a Large Piece of it . . . Fell and Ground him to Pieces."

In spite of the accidents, a somewhat festive mood prevailed, and the gunners took long "pulls" of rum between firing each shot. As Pepperrell laconically remarked, "We are in great want of gunners that have a disposition to be sober in daytime."

Nevertheless, these farm boys and apprentices were quick learners, and their marksmanship steadily improved. Fingers of flame lanced through blossoms of smoke as gun crews worked their pieces with a will. Mortars peppered the air with bombs, dark spheres that could be seen as they arched in graceful parabolas. When they touched earth, they exploded in great gouts of fire, spewing masonry, earth, and hapless people in all directions.

In reply, the great French bastions flamed in counterbattery. Gallic bombs ("bums" as one diarist spelled it) caused havoc in Provincial siege lines, and French muskets picked off unwary gunners as they peered over their earthworks. On the whole, though, Yankee casualties from the French fire were light.

The Provincials were conducting a queer kind of war. Freed from the toil of farm and workshop, these men and boys were out to have a good time. Discipline was almost nonexistent.

It is estimated that only one-half to one-third of the army worked the cannons at any given time. Highly individualistic, supremely self-reliant, "Pepperrell's boys" seemed more like an armed mob than an army. The main encampment was in a state of near anarchy. Men wandered about, loafed, or went fishing. Elsewhere, a country-fair spirit pervaded the camp. Soldiers ran foot races, wrestled and engaged in various games while others fought and bled a mile or two away. As cannonballs flew, idlers wasted precious powder on shooting competitions.

Yet not all was fun and games. Armed bands of hostile Indians lurking in the woods killed and scalped many who wandered too far from camp. In addition, fever and dysentery laid many low, until at one point half the army was on the sick list. Most recovered, but the cordon around Louisbourg was so thinly manned it was stretched to the breaking point.

Still, the enemy was faring far worse. As Provincial gunnery improved, not a single foot of Louisbourg was safe from bombardment. French civilians cowered in cellars while their houses crashed over their heads. Shell holes pocked the ground, the debris of shattered buildings was everywhere, and the air was heavy with the acrid stench of powder smoke. A Louisbourg official named Bigot noted sadly that "the enemy established their batteries to such effect that they soon destroyed the greater part of the town, broke the right flank of the King's Bastion and ruined the Dauphin Battery. . . ."

The outer walls held firm, since they were designed to absorb such punishment. Breaches were made, to be sure, but they were too small to make an assault practicable. To solve the impasse, Commodore Warren suggested that his Royal Navy squadron force an entrance to the harbor and add the weight of its guns to those already pounding the fortress. The idea contained one problem: Though Grand Battery had been neutralized, Island Battery still guarded the mouth of the harbor.

On the night of May 26, 400 volunteers boarded whaleboats for an attack on Island Battery. Somehow, this operation brought out the worst in the men. Ill-disciplined in the best of times, now they were a boisterous rabble, loud and querulous even when their officers stressed the need for silence.

The assault on Island Battery was an extremely hazardous mission. The New Englanders' greatest weapon would be the element of surprise; if they could manage to get up and over the battery walls without detection, the night would be theirs. Unfortunately, many volunteers felt the need for copious amounts of liquid "Dutch courage." Hard liquor passed from hand to hand before the men embarked; by the time they were in the boats many were roaring drunk.

After an "eternity" of suspense, the whaleboats touched shore on Island Battery. Luck seemed to be with them—there was no sign of life on the ramparts, and the sound of heavy surf masked their debarkation. In spite of some confusion caused by darkness, leading elements of the attacking force reached the battery and began placing scaling ladders against its wall.

All at once, things began to unravel. Without warning, one of the drunken volunteers raised three cheers. In moments, the rampart seemed to explode as French cannon were discharged pointblank into the struggling mass of Provincials.

Few survivors would forget the horror of those minutes; all was darkness, save for the orange-yellow muzzle flashes of the French guns and the occasional stabs of flame from muskets. Cannon reports mingled with screams and shouts to produce a horrible din, and men scrambled over the rocks and the torn bodies of their fallen comrades as they sought shelter from the rain of death.

But the Provincials refused to give in and actually pressed their attack home. Though no man reached the top of the wall, no less than 12 scaling ladders were placed on the ramparts. The colonials also maintained a steady musket fire from whatever natural cover was available.

Some of the troops were still in whaleboats when the battle began; heavy French fire forced them to withdraw. Others were not so lucky—the harbor was filled with the bodies of soldiers and the debris of smashed boats. Those on shore were trapped. The coming of dawn put an end to the unequal contest. At least 60—and perhaps as many as 150—had been killed and wounded; the French claimed an additional 119 prisoners.

The Island Battery fiasco raised French morale and plunged the Provincial camp into gloom. In spite of appearances, however, a New England victory was near. Commodore Warren's squadron had recently captured the French warship *Vigilant*, 64 guns, after a hard-fought battle at sea. *Vigilant* was carrying supplies and reinforcements to the beleaguered garrison, and its loss would be keenly felt. Even more importantly, a strong relief effort from the Canadian mainland had been repulsed at the so-called "Gut of Canso," the narrow strait that separated Cape Breton from Nova Scotia. There, about 1,300 French and Indians had been caught in mid-crossing by alert Provincial warships that made short work of flimsy birchbark canoes.

On June 15, French drummer boys climbed the rubble-strewn ramparts and beat a steady tattoo. The drumbeats requested a parley, which was granted. Governor du Chambon had finally accepted reality. His gunpowder was low, supplies were dwindling, and most of the guns were out of action. Louisbourg looked more like ancient ruins than a modern fortress. There were now so many breaches, an assault was inevitable, and du Chambon wished to spare the citizens the horror of a possible sacking.

The final capitulation took place June 17. After a siege of seven weeks, the ragged, but triumphant, Yankees marched into Louisbourg and claimed it as their own. New England casualties had amounted to 130 dead and 200 wounded. Another 30 men—a suspiciously low figure—were carried off by disease. French casualty figures are disputed; the French claimed 50 killed and 80 wounded, but the victors maintained 300 of the garrison were killed.

Whatever the figures, the colonials had every right to be proud. Raw amateurs in the art of war, they had reduced a fortress designed by one of the greatest military engineers of all time. Yet, when the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed in 1748, British negotiators callously gave Louisbourg back to France in return for some territory in India. (A repaired and strengthened Louisbourg was retaken by British regulars in 1758.)

The Yankees, though, came away from Louisbourg a more confident, more united people. Even colonies that had not directly participated were infused with a new sense of *American* pride. When united in a common cause, the colonials found they could achieve wonders. It was a lesson well remembered during the American Revolution. □

For further reading, California-based writer Eric Niderost recommends Fairfax Downey's Louisbourg: Key to a Continent *as the best recent work, "full of rich detail and well written." For more in-depth study, "Francis Parkman's classic,* A Half-Century of Conflict: France and England in America, *is still without peer."*

TOP: Louisbourg controlled the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and into the interior of French Canada. Its fortifications, built in the "scientific" Vauban style, were the toughest in the New World. MIDDLE: Despite the cutting out of the British ship Bienfaisant *and the burning of the* Prudent *in Louisbourg Harbor on July 25, 1758, the fortress capitulated the next day. ABOVE: Despite its powerful man-made and natural defenses, Louisbourg fell to its British besiegers twice.*

BATTLE LINE PERFECTLY FORMED

The Battle of Manila Bay went by plan devised days earlier in Hong Kong. Commodore Dewey anticipated day, hour and position of the battle.

By A.B. Feuer

The sinking of the battleship *Maine* in Havana's harbor on February 15, 1898, left the Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, convinced that the fault lay with the Spanish. He was positive that the explosion was no accident—that the *Maine* was a victim of "dirty treachery."

Comments supporting the possibility of an accident were a particular worry to Roosevelt. As a pugnacious advocate of a strong navy, he bristled when Republican congressional leaders warned that such a disaster "proved that the United States must stop building battleships."

Roosevelt called that reaction weak and cowardly. He argued that even the most advanced naval powers had accidents—they were as inevitable as losses in war. "The men who live aboard these ships recognize and accept the hazard. The nation which they defend cannot do less. The loss of the *Maine* was the price the country must pay to assume its role as a great power."

But Roosevelt did more than talk. On the afternoon of February 25, Secretary of the Navy John Long left his office early and thus placed Roosevelt "in charge."

The fox was loose in the chicken house. The Assistant Secretary began to issue fleet orders as fast as the telegrapher could handle them. A general alert was sent to all ships, stations and fleet commanders throughout the world—ordering them to have their ships fueled and ready to leave port immediately.

Even prior to the *Maine* disaster, Commodore George Dewey had sailed with his flagship, the cruiser *Olympia*, to Hong Kong. However, the rest of Dewey's squadron was still at Nagasaki, Japan.

Roosevelt changed that in a hurry. He telegraphed Dewey: "Order your squadron, except the *Monocacy*, to join you at Hong Kong. In event of declaration of war against Spain, your duty will be to see that Spanish ships do not leave the Asiatic coast, and then begin offensive operations in the Philippine Islands."

Shellfire erupts in Manila Bay in the early morning hours of May 1, 1898, as a small but audacious American cruiser squadron launches the invasion of the Spanish-held Philippines. Its commander, Commodore George Dewey, was 8,000 miles from the nearest supply and repair facilities, but his orders from Washington required him to go with what he had.

TOP: With the Spanish ships bottled up near Cavite, Dewey's main cause of concern was the forts guarding the bay. To Admiral Montojo's dismay, only five mines had been laid before the Americans arrived. ABOVE: USS Olympia *flies Dewey's flag as Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Navy's small but waspish Asiatic Squadron in 1898.*

When Secretary Long returned to his office, he was surprised and upset at the actions Roosevelt had taken. But the orders to Commodore Dewey were not rescinded.

On Friday, March 25, the Navy's final report on the cause of the *Maine* disaster was delivered to the White House. The following Monday, President McKinley announced to the world that the *Maine* had been destroyed by a mine.

This was the news the American public had been waiting to hear. The nation's press called for war, and the cry, "Remember the *Maine*," went far to heal the festering wounds of the recent Civil War.

The American people became united in a common cause. Only "war" could satisfy their hunger for revenge, heightened by the rival Hearst and Pulitzer newspapers. In the wind were a circulation war in the States and a shooting war on the high seas.

The loss of the *Maine* was not the only issue provoking the nationalistic outburst. The issue of Spanish misrule in Cuba had acquired an importance equal to who was to blame for the destruction of the battleship *Maine*.

President McKinley's Secretary of State, William R. Day, declared that Spain must accept responsibility for the loss of the *Maine*. Spain not only must make reparations to the United States, but also grant Cuba her independence. The president, however, strived for neutrality and sought concessions from Spain in order to satisfy America's lust for war. But "flag-waving" congressmen demanded retribution and continually exerted pressure on McKinley to act militarily against the Spanish. Secretary of War Russell A. Alger told the president that Congress was hellbent for revenge and would declare war in spite of McKinley's pleas for calmness and cool heads.

The war hawks finally prevailed. On April 19, Congress passed a resolution demanding that Spain relinquish her authority and government in Cuba—and McKinley was authorized to use the armed forces to effectuate the decree. Except for a formal declaration, the United States was at war with Spain.

Within a few days, President McKinley ordered a naval blockade of Cuban ports, and a call went out for 125,000 army volunteers. Then, on April 25, Congress passed a joint resolution stating that a "state of war" existed between the two countries.

George Dewey, the man awaiting developments in distant Hong Kong, had entered the U.S. Naval Academy in 1854 at the age of 17. He was just beginning his Navy career at the time of the Civil War, during which he participated in the capture of New Orleans while serving as a lieutenant aboard the USS *Mississippi*.

When Commodore Dewey was assigned to the Asiatic Squadron in January 1898, he was already 60 years old and looking forward to retirement.

On Friday, April 22, Dewey's fleet was riding at anchor in the British port of Hong Kong. Navy Secretary Long cabled the commodore that the United States had begun a blockade of Cuban ports, but that war had not yet been officially announced.

Later that afternoon, the cruiser *Baltimore* (dispatched by Roosevelt) arrived from Honolulu, loaded with powder and ammunition for Dewey's flotilla.

On April 24, because of British neutrality regulations, the American Asiatic Squadron was ordered to leave Hong Kong. While Dewey's ships steamed out from the British port, military bands on English vessels played the *Star Spangled Banner*, and their crews cheered the American sailors.

Commodore Dewey anchored his fleet about 30 miles down the Chinese coast, at Mirs Bay, and waited for his further instructions.

During the weeks that Dewey was in Hong Kong, his days were spent in consultation with the various ship captains under his command. All possibilities and eventualities of conflict with the enemy were discussed. He called upon his men to express their opinions freely, and all ideas were given careful consideration.

While the American squadron was anchored at Hong Kong, Spanish agents played a cat-and-mouse game with Dewey. The Spaniards continually spread rumors concerning the mining of channels surrounding the island of Corregidor and portions of Manila Bay.

Because of all the misinformation he was receiving, Dewey established his own spy network. He assigned his aide, Ensign F.B. Upham, to pose as a civilian interested in the sea and ships. Upham would interview crews attached to vessels arriving from Manila.

Additional important data was obtained from an American businessman, living in Hong Kong, who made frequent trips to the Philippines and reported his observations to the commodore.

Surprisingly, actual U.S. Naval Intelligence was so lacking that Dewey was forced to buy charts of the Philippine Islands at a Hong Kong store.

After all facts were in and sorted out, the final picture was not very comforting. Approximately 20 Spanish naval ves-

Running amok among the harbor-bound Spanish gunboats, Olympia *leads* Baltimore, Boston, Raleigh, Concord *and* Petrel *through a gauntlet of inadequately laid mines and inaccurate shellfire from shore batteries.*

sels were in the Manila area. Most, however, were gunboats and small torpedo craft. The largest ships were two cruisers, the *Reina Cristina* and the *Castilla*.

It was the Spanish coastal defenses that worried Dewey the most. The island of Corregidor divided the entrance of Manila Bay into two channels. The north passage, between Corregidor and the Bataan peninsula, was called Boca Chica, and was only two miles wide. The southern channel, Boca Grande, was five miles in width. Strong fortifications, mounting high-power Krupp guns, had been constructed on the island and mainland.

Both channels had been mined by the Spanish, with the narrow passage the more shallow of the two and potentially more dangerous. Dewey was of the opinion that mining the deep channel at Boca Grande would be a much more difficult undertaking, and he doubted the Spanish could accomplish the feat successfully.

Other information relayed to the American fleet reported heavily armed fortresses at Cavite and at Manila itself.

Another disturbing problem confronting Dewey was the knowledge that no reinforcements, nor assistance of any kind, had been dispatched by Navy Secretary Long to support the Asiatic Squadron.

There was also the realization that if the battle were indecisive and the American fleet were forced to retire from the action with any ships needing repairs, there was no place to go. Neutrality laws were against the Americans in all Asian ports—and the United States was 8,000 miles away.

By going to Manila, Dewey was burning all his bridges behind him. He had to be victorious. If the mission failed, the alternative was defeat, followed by hopeless retreat.

While various battle plans were being formulated, crew members of the American flotilla were not taking life easy. The sailors were trained continually in target practice, fire drills and all possible conditions of actual combat.

On Tuesday, April 26, Dewey was notified that war had begun and received his sailing orders: "War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands, and initiate operations against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors."

A reporter for the New York *Journal*, John Barrett, witnessed the American ships leaving the Chinese coast. Barrett wrote: "When Dewey's squadron sailed out from Mirs Bay, it reminded me of thoroughbred race horses, trained to the minute by an expert, who not only knew his animals, but also his competition, and the conditions of the race."

The United States Asiatic Fleet did not include a single battleship. The flotilla was composed of four cruisers, the *Olympia, Baltimore, Boston* and *Raleigh*; two gunboats, the *Concord* and *Petrel*; and the revenue cutter *McCulloch*. Dewey's flagship, the *Olympia*, was commanded by Captain Charles V. Gridley.

The armament of the American vessels ranged from 8-inch to 5-inch guns, plus many smaller caliber weapons. The combined tonnage of the cruisers was only slightly more than that of the World War II battleship *Iowa*.

Before leaving Hong Kong, Dewey received permission to purchase two British cargo ships—the *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*. The merchantmen were loaded with 10,000 tons of coal for the task force and manned by English crews.

Three newspaper correspondents sailed with the American fleet. Aboard the *McCulloch* were Edwin Harden of the New York *World* and John McCutcheon of the Chicago *Record*. Joseph Stickney of the New York *Herald* had a ringside seat on the bridge of the *Olympia*.

Hong Kong was 600 miles from Manila, and there was plenty of time for the men in Dewey's squadron to worry and wonder exactly what was in store for them. More than a thousand islands were scattered throughout the Philippine archipelago, and Spanish warships could be hiding anywhere.

During the voyage, individual ship captains kept their men razor sharp with constant gun drills and signal exercises. General quarters was called at any hour of the day or night.

Friday evening, the fleet was ordered darkened, except for small stern lights that were barely visible.

With only two seagoing cruisers to Dewey's four, Admiral Patricio Montojo hoped to repulse the Americans from the potentially excellent defenses offered within Manila Bay.

Saturday morning, April 30, the island of Luzon was sighted. Fires were kindled under each boiler. Black smoke poured from every stack.

The vessels were a bedlam of activity. Splinter nettings were spread, and hoses run between decks—ready to instantly drown any fires caused by bursting shells. Ammunition hoists were checked, magazines opened, and every strip of bunting except signal flags was packed away. Wooden stanchions, rails and other movable items were stowed below to prevent shrapnel fragments from slashing the men topside.

Wooden lifeboats were lowered and towed behind the *McCulloch*. All spars and ladders that could not be stowed below decks were swung over the sides of the ships. Unnecessary rigging was taken down, and wire stays attached to the masts were firmly lashed with ropes so that, if shot away, the masts would not crash to the deck and interfere with the operation of the guns.

The captain of every ship in Dewey's squadron informed his crew that the Spanish fleet was larger than the small American squadron. Also, considering the mined channels and forts that had to be traversed, the enemy had a distinct advantage.

Before he sailed from Mirs Bay, Dewey learned that Spanish Admiral Patricio Montojo had ordered his warships to Subic Bay about 30 miles north of Corregidor, and was prepared to battle the Americans from an excellent defensive position.

The vessels under Montojo's command were the cruisers *Reina Cristina* and *Castilla*—the gunboats *Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, Don Juan de Austria* and *Don Antonio de Ulloa*. Several smaller ships included four torpedo boats.

Subic Bay was an ideal defensive setup. The entrance was about two miles wide, and halfway up the bay was Grande Island, commanding both sides of the passage.

However, unknown to Dewey, when Admiral Montojo's fleet reached Subic Bay he discovered that only five mines had been placed. Four cannons, supposedly mounted on the island, were still sitting on the beach.

Visibly upset, Montojo turned his fleet around and headed for Manila. The Spanish admiral anchored his warships on both sides of the Cavite fortress, where the vessels could be protected with large, land-based guns.

Montojo was familiar with the harbor area and was aware that the Americans would be compelled to maneuver in strange waters—and with inaccurate Spanish charts.

Dewey halted his squadron outside Subic Bay and sent the *Boston, Baltimore* and *Concord* ahead as pickets to scout the inlet. The vessels returned in the afternoon and reported they found only a few small sloops and schooners. Dewey also received news that Montojo had left Subic Bay earlier that morning.

All ship captains were immediately summoned to the *Olympia* for a conference. Dewey informed the officers that he intended to enter Manila Bay that evening—regardless of the mines and forts. The commodore felt confident the Spaniards would not expect such a move, and they could be taken by surprise.

The American squadron sneaked along the Philippine coast at four knots, so as not to reach the Manila Bay entrance before nightfall.

The ship crews went to their battle-eve supper at 7 o'clock and about two hours later battle ports were closed. A spirit of tense excitement permeated the hot, muggy night. The only light visible was a tiny stern signal, enclosed in a box so it could only be seen by ships directly behind.

The *Olympia* led the column, followed by the *Baltimore, Boston, Raleigh, Concord* and *Petrel*. The *McCulloch* and the coal ships were stationed a mile astern. The sky was overcast, but the moon occasionally peeked between the clouds, silhouetting the invading fleet.

Off to port, the coast of Bataan could be seen in the distance. Dewey realized that the enemy could be watching their approach and preparing the fortress guns for a heavy barrage. At 10 o'clock the men were sent to their battle stations—not by the usual bugle call, but by word of mouth.

Dewey timed his arrival with precision. It was almost midnight when the Corregidor Island foglight flashed ahead. The American squadron passed through the Boca Grande channel and approached Corregidor abeam to port. Every binocular and gun was trained on the fortress as Dewey's fleet turned north into Manila Bay.

Suddenly, the *McCulloch*'s smokestack belched a bright flash of flame. Soot from the soft coal she was burning had ignited, due to the intense heat of her furnace.

The fire glowed for a few minutes, leaving the cutter a perfect target for the enemy's big guns. However, the Spaniards evidently had been taken by surprise. Their weapons were not fully manned, and it took time to ready the batteries for action.

It was not until Dewey's fleet cleared Corregidor that the Spanish opened fire. The flash from a cannon erupted on the mainland, and a shell ripped across the water splashing in front of the *Olympia*. The *Raleigh* answered the challenge, followed by 8-inch salvos from the *Boston*. Direct hits were scored on the enemy's position, silencing their guns.

Even though the American squadron had been discovered, there was no telegraphic communication between the forts at the entrance to the bay and the city of Manila.

Dewey was only 20 miles from Manila, but decided not to arrive until daylight. He signaled his ships to proceed in double column at a speed of four knots. He also ordered the *McCulloch* to lead the cargo vessels up to a position where they would be protected by the cruisers and less exposed to sudden attack.

All gun crews were directed to try to get some sleep. The men lay down on the decks near their battle stations. Each ship was in a state of readiness. Every gun was loaded; ammunition hoists were filled with shells. Officers on watch continually moved about, inspecting every station over and over again. Conversations were conducted in whispers so as not to disturb the sleeping men.

At 5 o'clock Sunday morning, May 1, the dim outline of Manila loomed up through the haze on the horizon. A few minutes later, the city's waterfront could be seen.

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MH

Montojo's flagship, Reina Cristina, *began the battle timorously lurking by Cavite, then boldly steamed out to take on* Olympia. *Neither tactic did her any good.*

Momentarily a lookout aboard the *Olympia* sighted the outline of ships about five miles to the south. Lieutenant C.G. Calkins, using his binoculars, brought Sangley Point and Cavite into sharp focus. He could see a line of gray and white vessels stretching eastward from the point. The flame-colored flags of Spain hung listlessly from their masts.

Dewey's squadron, with bright-hued signal flags whipping in the breeze, looked every bit like ships on parade as they headed for their date with destiny.

John McCutcheon described the opening of the battle: "At 10 minutes after five, the American fleet was off Cavite, and the brightness of the day revealed the enemy's position. The Spanish began firing immediately at a range of four miles. At the sound of the first shot, the *Olympia* swung to starboard, and headed straight for the Spaniards. The flagship was followed by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*."

Aboard the advancing American vessels, gunners stripped off all clothing except their trousers and waited impatiently for the order to commence firing.

Dewey had given strict instructions for his ships to hold their fire until an effective range had been reached. He could not afford to waste powder and shells.

The *McCulloch* and the coal ships remained back in the bay, their crews lining the decks to watch the spectacle.

Commodore Dewey and his Lieutenant Calkins stood on the forward bridge of the *Olympia*, while Captain Gridley's post was in the conning tower.

With Dewey's flagship in the lead, the silent fleet steamed steadily forward. Enemy shells kicked up the water around the squadron, but each vessel maneuvered directly behind the *Olympia* with absolute precision, in perfect order.

As the American flotilla drew closer to Cavite, shells from the Spanish fort and anchored warships churned the bay into a frothy foam.

Suddenly two large geysers of water shot into the air—the Spaniards had exploded a couple of mines in front of Dewey's advancing column. But the American ships stayed on course, closing the distance between themselves and the smoking Spanish cannons. When each range was called, the gunners aboard the *Olympia* lowered their sight-bars.

The flagship continued for another mile, with shots splashing on all sides. The tension among the crew was almost unbearable. As soon as the *Olympia* was three miles from Cavite, Dewey ordered the cruiser's port 5-inch battery turned toward the enemy. Seconds later, a shell burst above the flagship. A boatswain's mate at one of the aft guns shouted, "Remember the *Maine*!" And every man on deck echoed the cry.

Dewey checked with his gunnery officer. The range was perfect. The commodore then glanced at his watch. The time was exactly 5:40. He looked up at the conning tower and called out, "You may fire when ready, Gridley!"

Dewey had barely finished giving the order when the *Olympia* sent a broadside of shells crashing into Fort Cavite. The signal for attack brought every squadron gun into action. A hailstorm of steel from rapid-fire weapons pounded the Spanish fleet, while large-caliber shells concentrated on the fortress.

The enemy's return fire increased. Splashing projectiles hurled a deluge of water across the *Olympia*'s deck, practically drowning the gun crews. Clouds of dense smoke enveloped both the Spanish and American vessels.

The terrific onslaught by Dewey's fleet continued as the warships steamed past the enemy fortification. When the port batteries of the American ships would no longer bear on the Spaniards, Dewey's column swung about and cut loose with its starboard guns. One sailor remarked, "It was a tremendous, roaring, smoking procession—a scene of awful magnificence!"

Two enemy shells ripped the *Baltimore*. One missile passed clear through the cruiser without exploding. And the other tore across the main deck, wrecking a 6-inch gun and wounding eight men.

The *Boston* was also blasted. A projectile struck her port quarter. A fire broke out, but was quickly extinguished.

Time-fuse shells continually exploded above the American fleet—scattering steel fragments in all directions.

The *Herald*'s Joseph Stickney was on the *Olympia*'s bridge during the conflict and described the battle: "One projectile headed straight for the forward bridge, but exploded less than a hundred feet away. Shrapnel sliced the rigging over the heads of Commander Lamberton and myself. Another shell, about as large as a flatiron, gouged a hole in the deck a few feet below the commodore."

Tons of Spanish shells fell about the American squadron. Dewey's only salvation was the poor marksmanship of the enemy. Most of the Spanish shots were too high and roared into the bay beyond.

After passing the enemy's line for the second time, the *Olympia*'s column swung around again on a closer tack, giving the port guns another chance at the Spaniards.

The Cavite shoreline was a veritable inferno of flames, and the pandemonium there was indescribable. Suddenly the *Reina Cristina* was spotted steaming out to meet the *Olympia*. Dewey ordered his ships to concentrate their fire on the reckless enemy vessel. Rapid-fire shells riddled the side of the Spaniard; gunfire swept her decks. An 8-inch projectile struck the enemy cruiser in the stern, plowing completely through the ship and blowing up its forward magazine.

Dewey's fleet had just finished its fifth circle of the enemy's position, when Gridley reported that there were only 15 rounds per gun left for the *Olympia*'s 5-inch battery. Not wishing to alarm the crew, the commodore ordered his squadron to withdraw for "breakfast." While the battle-weary fleet steamed north, beyond the range of Spanish guns, clearing smoke near Cavite revealed the wreckage of the fort and fires burning on several enemy vessels.

Once safely out in the bay, Dewey summoned his ship captains to the *Olympia*. Remaining ammunition was checked, and powder and shells redistributed where necessary.

During this unorthodox pause in the action, Stickney would write the following: "We had been fighting a determined and courageous enemy for almost three hours, without noticeably diminishing their volume of fire. So far as we could see, there was no indication that the Spaniards were less able to

defend themselves than they had been at the beginning of the engagement.

"We knew the Spanish had an ample amount of ammunition, so there was no hope of exhausting their fighting power by a battle lasting twice as long. If we should run short of powder and shell, we might possibly become the hunted instead of the hunter.

"The gloom on the bridge of the *Olympia* was thicker than a London fog in November. We had all been disappointed by the results of our gunfire. For some reason, the shells seemed to go too high or too low. The same had been the case with the Spaniards. On our final circle, we were within 2,500 yards of the enemy. At that distance, and in a smooth sea, we should have had a large percentage of hits. However, as near as we could judge, we had not crippled the foe to any great extent."

While his ravenous sailors ate a hearty meal, Commodore Dewey scouted the enemy position with his binoculars. Heavy smoke obscured Cavite, but he still could make out the tall masts and flags of Spanish ships. Occasionally the sound of exploding ammunition could also be heard in the distance.

After a three-hour respite, Dewey again formed his battle line for another attack. This time the *Baltimore* was in the lead.

As the American fleet approached Cavite, the sound of church bells in downtown Manila floated peacefully across the bay. Curious spectators could be seen crowding the rooftops of the city. They appeared to be preparing to watch a pageant or play.

Dewey's squadron and the big guns of Cavite opened fire at the same time. Only one Spanish vessel slipped her moorings and came out fighting. The captain of the *Antonio de Ulloa* nailed her flag to the mast and engaged the American cruisers in a one-sided firefight. Within a few minutes, the valiant Spanish vessel went down with all hands.

Recognizing the futility of continuing the conflict, Admiral Montojo issued his last order to his fleet officers: "Scuttle and abandon your ships!" The admiral then escaped to Manila in a small boat.

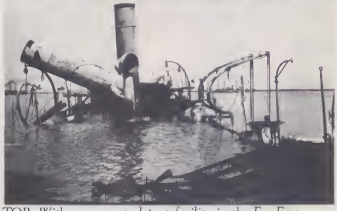
About 12:30, a white flag of surrender was seen flying over Fort Cavite, and Dewey anchored his squadron near Manila.

Three enemy ships had been sunk by Dewey's squadron and eight Spanish vessels were set on fire and scuttled by their own crews. A total of 381 Spaniards were killed during the fierce battle, while aboard the American fleet only eight men were wounded. Amazingly, not one member of Dewey's squadron was killed in action.

After the conflict, Commodore Dewey stated: "This battle was won in Hong Kong harbor. My captains and staff officers, working with me, planned out the fight with reference to all contingencies, and we were fully prepared for exactly what happened. Although I recognized the alternatives from reports that reached me—that the Spanish might meet me at Subic Bay, or possibly near Corregidor, I made up my mind that the battle would be fought right here that very morning, at the same hour, and with nearly the same position of opposing ships. That is why and how, at break of day, we formed in perfect line, opened fire, and kept our position without mistake or interruption until the enemy ships were destroyed."

Dewey's naval engagement was unsurpassed in the naval history of that time. Never before had an entire fleet been wiped out without the loss of a ship—or a single man—on the part of an attacking force. Commodore Dewey's victory at Manila Bay is still one of the most romantic and decisive in world history. □

U.S. Navy veteran A.B. "Bud" Feuer writes from Roanoke, Va. As further reading please try The Spanish War *by G.J.A. O'Toole;* American Imperialism in 1898 *by T.P. Greene;* The Correspondent's War *by C.H. Brown.*



TOP: With every neutral port facility in the Far East closed to him, Commodore George Dewey drilled his men constantly, determined to make every ton of coal and every shot count. MIDDLE: Commodore Dewey, Captain Charles V. Gridley and Captain B.P. Lamberton confer aboard Olympia *while their men have breakfast. ABOVE: The remains of* Reina Cristina *at Cavite after her belated, valiant, but futile duel with* Olympia. *Gunboat* Don Antonio de Ulloa *died with equal gameness.*

Hochmeister Ulrich von Jungingen fights for his life at left, while Grand Duke Witold leads his Lithuanians back into the fray at the center of the Battle of Tannenberg. During World War II, Jan Matejko's painting was kept hidden in a peasant barn in Krasiczyn in order to prevent its destruction by the Germans, who had chafed over their defeat of 1410.

TEUTONIC KNIGHTS IMPERILED

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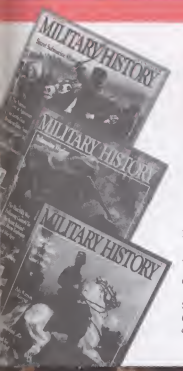
By 1408, Grand Master Ulrich von Jungingen could concentrate unfettered on bringing about a final war with Lithuania to put an end to the rebellions once and for all. He secured Hungary's military assistance in 1409 and also could count on the extensive military might of the Livonians, another military religious order, to neutralize the enemy forces in the north.

The Teutonic Knights sent an envoy to King Wladislaw Jagiello of Poland, asking if the monarch would support his



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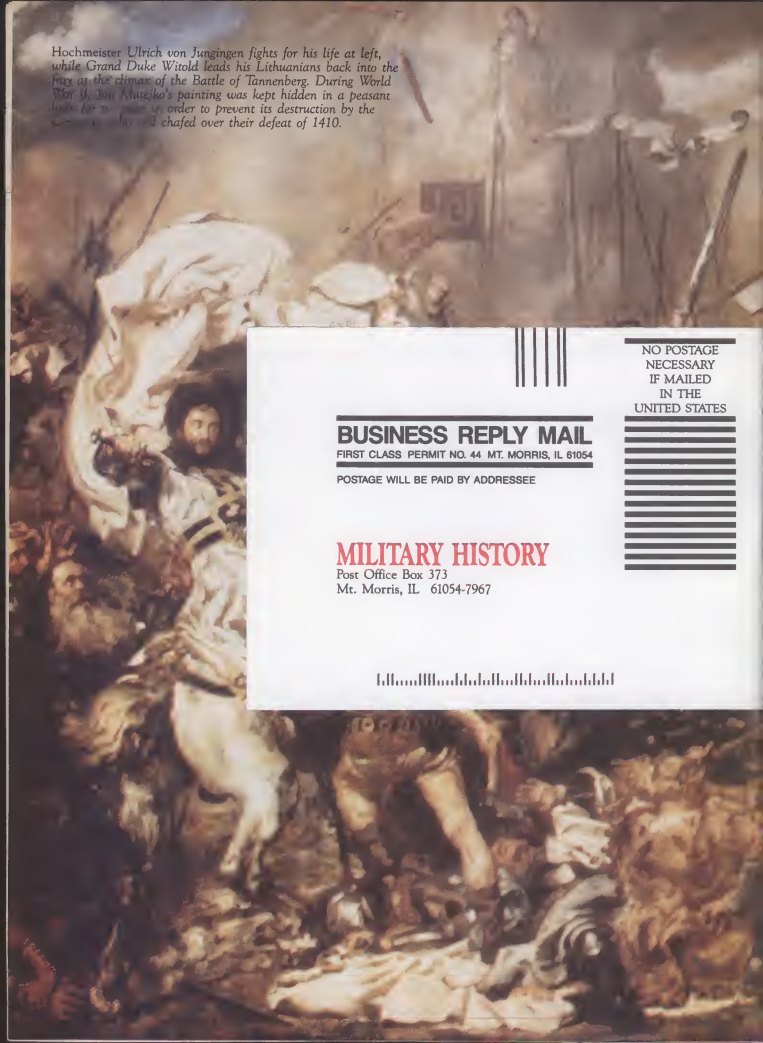

Hochmeister Ulrich von Jungingen fights for his life at left, while Grand Duke Witold leads his Lithuanians back into the fray at the climax of the Battle of Tannenberg. During World War II, Jan Matejko's painting was kept hidden in a peasant [illegible] in order to prevent its destruction by the [illegible] chafed over their defeat of 1410.

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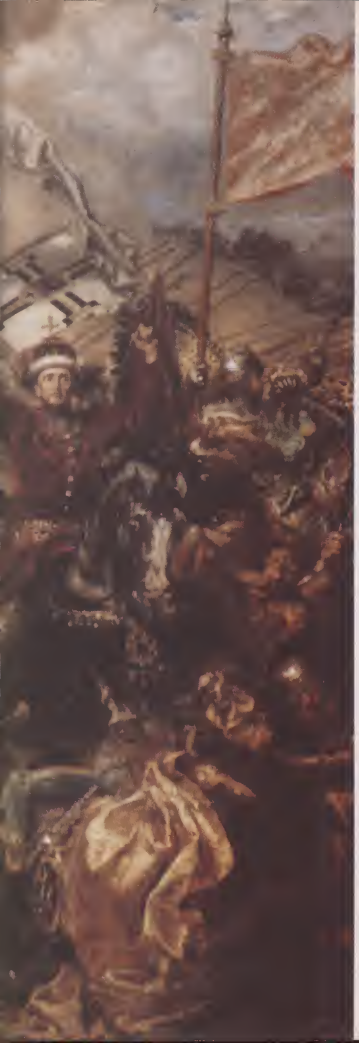


TEUTONIC KNIGHTS IMPERILED

"Witold's men are more at home with a spoon than with a sword," sneered Grand Master Ulrich von Jungingen, and the Lithuanians scattering before his knights seemed to bear out his appraisal. But the battle was far from over.

By Terry L. Gore

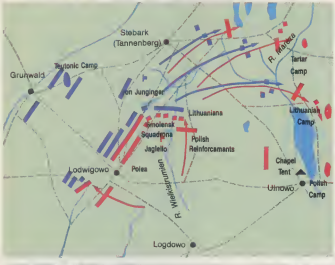
In the early morning of July 15, 1410, the sounds of creaking harnesses and jangling armor were muffled by the rumble of thunder and the beat of heavy rain that poured from dark, predawn skies near the Prussian town of Tannenberg. Ulrich von Jungingen, Grand Master of the famed Teutonic Knights, was marching his army of 20,000 cavalry and 10,000 foot toward his sworn enemies, the Polish and Lithuanian invaders, who had dared to challenge the power of his white-robed order.

Though chilled and weary, the Germans had unexpectedly caught up with their adversaries and when dawn illuminated the landscape, von Jungingen knew that the decisive battle of the war was about to be fought. He was confident of victory. His knights comprised the best military organization in Western Europe.

Throughout the first decade of the 15th century, the Lithuanian province of Samogitia had been militarily occupied by the Teutonic Order. As a result, the Samogitians were in a constant state of armed rebellion, actively aided by the Lithuanian leader, Grand Duke Witold (or Vytautas, in his native Lithuanian tongue). The atrocities and mass murders the Order inflicted on the inhabitants of the province resulted in an appeal by the Samogitians in 1407 for direct European intervention. The appeal was ignored by most of Western Europe, which supported the Teutonic Order in its war against the so-called heathen "enemies of Christ."

By 1408, Grand Master Ulrich von Jungingen could concentrate unfettered on bringing about a final war with Lithuania to put an end to the rebellions once and for all. He secured Hungary's military assistance in 1409 and also could count on the extensive military might of the Livonians, another military religious order, to neutralize the enemy forces in the north.

The Teutonic Knights sent an envoy to King Wladislaw Jagiello of Poland, asking if the monarch would support his



TOP: A German tournament ends in a painful draw. The Teutonic Order attracted knights from all over Western Europe eager to gain combat experience. Its forays into the East were conducted like hunting expeditions—with human prey. MIDDLE: In the "second phase" of the battle, Duke Witold's Lithuanian light cavalry broke before the Teutonic Knights' countercharge, but the Germans then failed to exploit the exposure of the Polish right flank. ABOVE: Duke Witold put aside his political differences with his cousin Jagiello to ally with him against the common German threat.

cousin Witold's Lithuanians in an all-out war. Since the answer was yes, the Order declared war on Poland, August 6, 1409. The Germans immediately attacked the Polish border fortress at Dobryz, confiscated food supplies bound for Lithuania, and laid plans for the invasion of Poland. As both factions were not mobilized and the campaigning season was late, a truce war was arranged through the auspices of "Good King" Wenceslas of Bohemia—it would last from October to June of the next year, during which time a massive public relations and recruitment effort was mounted by both sides.

Jagiello recruited throughout the winter, hiring thousands to augment the Polish forces, but those results were nothing compared with the success of Grand Master von Jungingen's efforts. The Teutonic Order had sent out word of a crusade that would defend Christianity from the ravages of the pagans. From all nations of Europe the response was tremendous. Not only was the reputation of the Order's military skill a byword in Europe, but the promise of easy wealth cloaked in the rhetoric of a "just war" was too good to be true. Knights and nobles from Austria, Bavaria, Swabia, the Holy Roman Empire, Switzerland, Flanders and Burgundy, as well as the famed crossbowmen of Genoa, the longbowmen of England and the chivalrous knights of Spain and France flocked to Marienburg for the expected short war.

Against this splendidly arrayed army, the Polish and Lithuanians appeared doomed. Though they would easily outnumber the forces of the Germans and crusaders, their tens of thousands of warriors were not as disciplined, organized or well armed. The two allies, however, did possess two exceptional leaders in King Jagiello of Poland and his cousin, Witold of Lithuania.

In December 1409, the two cousins had held a council of war at Brest-Litovsk to plan a summer offensive against the Order's capital at Marienburg. This bold strategy was meant to take the battle into the Order's homeland and thus spare the Poles and Lithuanians the ravages of an invader on home soil. It was also decided to send several large forces of cavalry to attack across the frontier at various points, to confuse the Germans and to keep the nature and thrust of the main offensive a mystery until the allied army had safely passed the border forts and crossings.

In May of 1410, von Jungingen encountered his first setback when he ordered the Livonian brethren to attack Lithuania immediately, but then was informed of an "understanding" between Witold and the Livonian Grand Master that required three months' advance notice before any hostilities would occur between the two nations. This angered the Teutonic leader but, as the Livonians appeared to have their hands full with a looming war against the Russian principalities of Novgorad and Pskov to the east, there was little he could do.

By June 14, von Jungingen had to ask for a 10-day extension of the expiring armistice to get his assembled forces organized. King Jagiello only too willingly agreed. With an extra 10 days of mobilization, Witold's army of Lithuanians would have the time to march to the appointed place of assembly of the joint armies undisturbed.

Von Jungingen's reconnaissance soon reported Polish armies crossing the frontier in several places and the Lithuanians attacking across the border in the north toward Königsberg. Not wishing to split his army, the Grand Master felt he could do little but wait and see which way the enemy would eventually turn. He then could force a single fateful battle on the allies, defeating them in one major test of arms.

As June passed, however, he had no idea where the main enemy force was. In fact, on June 30, Jagiello had crossed the Vistula River on pontoon bridges, a major engineering feat of that time, uniting the Polish army with the Lithuanians and mercenaries who had joined the allied Slavic cause.

One of many Polish depictions of the Battle of Tannenberg (called Grunwald by the Poles) accurately depicted Teutonic and Polish battle standards, but the armor and weapons of the troops, while distinctly Polish and German, were of 1564 vintage.

The combined army could now move only as fast as its slowest unit and, though it was mostly cavalry, there were up to 11,000 infantrymen as well as a long wagon train of supplies and arms. The total force that marched toward the German border numbered close to 18,000 Polish cavalry, 10,000 Lithuanian cavalry, 1,500 Tartars, as well as 3,000 to 4,000 mercenary foot—mostly Czechs from Bohemia under Jan Sokol and including the future Hussite leader Jan Zizka—and the 11,000 other infantry—all told, well over 40,000 troops.

The Polish knights were typical of the Western Europeans of the 15th century. They were well armored, disciplined and of excellent quality. The Polish foot were considered of poor quality, but useful in sieges and as missile troops. The Lithuanians and Tartars were undisciplined and poorly armored compared with their Polish allies, but most were battle-hardened campaigners trained in the light-cavalry tactics of the Mongols and led by the inspirational Witold. One other factor was important as well. The Poles and Lithuanians were fighting for their very way of life against a hated oppressor. A very real sense of vengeance traveled north with the allied forces.

Ulrich von Jungingen was not long in the dark as to the whereabouts of his enemies. Hungarian envoys had been sent to him from Jagiello for an attempt at mediation, but the German was scornful of his enemies, saying "Witold's men are more at home with a spoon than with a sword." There would be no further armistice.

By July 9, Jagiello's army had moved across the frontier into Prussia, and his envoys returned with the Teutonic refusal of peace as well as news of the composition and size of the Teutonic army. Many of the allied troops were not happy with crossing into enemy territory, while others were impatient to redress the decades of oppression imposed by the Teutonic Order. Jagiello and Witold did not desire to provoke the armed resistance of the inhabitants of the Order's lands, and when two pagan Lithuanian soldiers were discovered looting a church, Witold ordered them to build their own gallows and hang themselves in front of the army. Folklore states that the two men urged each other to be quick so as not to incur any further displeasure of their leader! In any event, the lesson brought an abrupt end to any thoughts of looting.

The Germans moved quickly to block the intended allied invasion route by placing artillery, archers and knights at the Drwenca River crossing. Polish King Jagiello, loathe to try fording a major river in the face of the Teutonic army, marched away from the Germans and attacked the fortress of Dabrowna, putting the garrison to the sword except for the ransomable knights and nobles. He then marched his army north again, feeling confident that he had outrun his enemies and could elude them further with confusing local raids.

Although von Jungingen was upset that the Poles had not been foolish enough to attack his prepared defenses, he could waste no more time in wait-and-see strategies. As a precaution, he sent 3,000 men back to Marienburg to defend the

The Grand Duke Witold (or Vytautus in his native Lithuanian tongue) actively led his men throughout the battle, while Jagiello kept track of its progress from his headquarters.

fortress capital in case the Poles managed to elude him. With the rest of the Teutonic army, 20,000 cavalry and 10,000 foot, the Grand Master then followed Jagiello's trail, catching up to the invaders during the early morning hours of July 15.

The weary Teutonic army rested for the night once it had sighted the Polish encampments. The wind and the rain made for a miserable night, however, with many tents destroyed, but von Jungingen was up early to make his preparations for battle. The allied enemy was encamped only a few short miles away, its leaders apparently unaware of the German presence. Trumpets and banners called the Teutonic troops to their squadrons—the Teutonic host moved toward the distant forests looming darkly in the distance.

During a break in the storm the previous night, the moon had appeared—by legend, Polish sentries reported seeing a King fighting with a monk on the moon's face and the King hurled the monk off. This omen was quickly interpreted as a good sign by the excited Poles, peasant and noble alike. Jagiello had set up a chapel, and was about to attend Mass, when a Polish knight rode up and reported that a squadron of Teutonic knights had been sighted approaching the Polish positions. The King remained at the Mass as an excited Witold arrived, together with reports of many German squadrons approaching. Jagiello was surprised by the Order's speed in catching up to him. As his Polish units were hastily organized, they took up positions in the wooded areas of the field with bright flags flying, surprisingly undisturbed by the watching Germans.

The battlefield comprised lowland scrub. To the east, Lauben Lake bordered the area. To the northwest and east of the town of Tannenberg were marshlands. The allies slowly formed their army into three lines, facing the immobile Teutonics with the long-haired Tartars on the right of the Lithuanians. Banners of various colored fields flapped in the early morning breeze. Occasionally, a knight would advance into the area between the two armies and issue a personal challenge, which was quickly taken up by an opposing number and a duel would be fought out amid the cheers and encouragements of the thousands of watching fighting men.

Von Jungingen quickly decided on a battle plan and set his foot sergeants to digging pits in the wet soil along the gentle slope, hoping he could entice the allied army to attack. He then placed what artillery had arrived along with the mercenary crossbows, longbows and handgunners, in front of the formed knights and waited for the enemy to attack. The Grand Master's hope was to have the enemy knights charge him, shock them with missile fire and his hidden obstacles, then have his own knights sweep down the slope, destroying the disordered enemy. It would be too foolish to attack the enemy in the woods, where his knights would be disorganized and open to ambush and encirclement.

Giving his final instructions, von Jungingen retired to his reserve, which included fully one-third of the Teutonic cavalry. With his right flank anchored on marshland and his left on the gray-roofed town of Tannenberg, Ulrich von Jungingen prepared to wait.

Finally finished with his prayers, King Jagiello had his royal banner with a white eagle on a red field unfurled as he set up his command post on a small hill with 60 knights and 10 messengers. The allied troops were instructed to tie straw to their sleeves to distinguish themselves from their enemies. As three more hours passed, Jagiello took the time to confer knighthood on more than a thousand men.

The Poles, under the thick forest leaves, were much more comfortable than the Teutonic knights out in the open. They were broiling in their armor, with no mercy from the July heat.

TEUTONIC ORDER'S RISE AND FALL

The Teutonic Order originally was founded as a military brotherhood to assist sick or wounded German soldiers in the Holy Land during the Third Crusade. It quickly evolved into a warrior society but did not become a territorial power until the 13th century, under its most famous Grand Master, Herman von Salza (1210-1239).

In 1226, Conrad, Duke of Masovia, invited Herman's brethren to participate in a "Holy Crusade" to convert the pagan Prussians who had been raiding the Polish province for years.

In return for its aid, the Teutonic Order would receive the city of Kulm as a base together with all of the lands it "freed" from the Prussian inhabitants, but remain nominally under Conrad's suzereignty.

Mysterious Prussia was uncivilized by West European standards, and the Order did not turn down the enormous potential for wealth and power, nor the chance to conduct a sanctioned crusade to spread the faith by military means.

The Baltic Crusade took 50 years but, in the end, with the help of the neighboring Livonian military order, the early Prussians had been systematically exterminated or enslaved. Prussia was swiftly Germanized as the Teutonic headquarters was moved from Venice to the fortress of Marienburg near the Baltic.

The conquest and subjugation of Prussia made the Teutonic Order become a powerful military territorial power on the doorstep of the rising nation-states of Northern Europe.

The Teutonic Knights, exclusively of noble birth, enjoyed their new home, feasting, hunting and building strong fortresses while looking for new acquisitions. The bordering Lithuanian province of Samogitia was a likely prospect, and soon thousands of German settlers had moved into the extensive forested lands of Prussia and were already casting covetous eyes farther east.

A brutal and savage war began, one that was unbelievably barbaric even by the standards of the 14th century.

Typically, any German knight unlucky enough to fall into Samogitian hands would be killed, often burned alive over a fire while encased in his armor. Less inventive, the Teutonic Knights simply would move into an

Eventually, von Jungingen decided to provoke Polish attack before his troops began to collapse from heatstroke.

Two nobles rode from the Teutonic lines toward the Poles, each bearing an unsheathed sword. When they were brought before Jagiello, they allegedly announced: "Sire, Grand Master Ulrich gives you and your cousin these two swords to help you in the coming strife, so that with them and the weapons of your people, you may join battle with greater courage and that you may cease from hiding in the woods and come out to fight in the open."

Cries of outrage came from the assembled Polish nobles, but Jagiello accepted the swords as an "easier defense for our cause" Suddenly, some Teutonic bombards began to fire at the Lithuanians, who had been impatiently holding back all morning. The artillery fire was too much for them to bear unanswered—their cavalry immediately charged across the scrubland, catching the panicked Teutonic archers and artillerymen in an impetuous, wild charge. The horsemen seemingly were unperturbed by von Jungingen's defenses, which were meant to slow heavy cavalry but would not impede the lightly armored Lithuanians. The German commanders, as the Polish knights advanced, could not hold back their own allies—thousands of eager mercenary and crusader knights lowered lances and charged through their supporting foot.

The clash of armed might was heard for miles as lances broke on shields, axes cleaved through helms and swords rang on metal. As at Agincourt five years later, the heavily armored knights who fell could not arise to escape the foot soldiers, who made short work of the encumbered victims. The melee lasted almost an hour, until the Lithuanians began to fall back in the face of the heavier Teutonic cavalry. Whether by design or actual panic, Witold's forces began to flee the field, closely followed by their more heavily armored opponents.

In 1386, the pagan Lithuanian Grand Duke Jogaila became Catholic and was renamed Wladislaw Jagiello, King of Poland.

Most of the Western knights ignored the now-exposed flank of the desperate Polish army and kept up an overzealous pursuit of their fleeing enemy, taking the path of least resistance against a helpless, routed foe.

Jagiello had remained at his command post and saw the disaster that struck his cousin's Lithuanian army. The Poles had themselves been pushing their opponents back, but they now became unnerved by the rout of almost half their army and were soon giving ground to the Germans, too. Three regiments of Russian knights from Smolensk held the extreme right flank of the Polish army and they managed to hold off the encircling Teutonics. They lost a third of their number until a unified defense could be formed by the Poles, who now were bolstered by their second line of reserves.

Witold had managed to return to the field after attempting to rally his men—he rode up to Jagiello's command post insisting that the King show himself to his troops to raise their morale. Jagiello agreed and moved his small unit forward, just as some Germans spotted his standard and attacked the Crakow regiment, which had the honor of protecting the King's banner. A wedge of Teutonic knights smashed into the Poles and threw the standard on the ground. The joyous Germans began singing their victory hymn, *Christ ist erstanden*, until a body of enraged Polish nobles cut their way through the Germans and recaptured the banner. They raised it, and the Polish army redoubled its attacks to avert the insult to its collective honor.

Many of the German knights who had been pursuing the Lithuanians earlier began to return to the battlefield, only to find their comrades being severely mauled by the resurgent Poles. Leaving prisoners and captured loot behind, the returning knights put spurs to their tired

area and massacre all the inhabitants.

By 1382, the Order held virtual control of the province, but protests and Lithuanian appeals brought a Papal order to the Teutonics to desist from enslaving the Samogitians and repatriate hundreds of refugees who had fled to other parts of Lithuania. The Order was in a quandry, for at the same time a powerful enemy alliance was forming to resist any further attempts at expansion by the Teutonic Knights.

The Catholic nation of Poland had been fighting a series of continuous wars with both the Teutonic Order and the non-Christian Lithuanians for decades, with Polish lands slowly being stripped away. The Lithuanians also needed a strong ally.

In 1385, a fateful alliance of the two archenemies was consummated by the marriage of Jagiello of Lithuania to the beautiful young Princess Jadwiga, heiress to the throne of Poland. The marriage was sanctioned by the Pope on condition that the nation of Lithuania convert to Christianity and Jagiello's people become baptized in the Catholic faith. This was duly done (except for the Samogitians, who remained pagans); the Teutonic Order suddenly found itself with no stated purpose, since the neighboring "pagans" now had been converted or enslaved! The Teutonic Knights immediately claimed that the Lithuanians were not sincere in their conversion and desperately began to explore options to disrupt the alliance.

Witold, charismatic cousin of the new King Jagiello of Poland, had spent many years with the Teutonic Knights, ostensibly as a defector from his native Lithuania, but more probably as a student, learning the art of war from the most efficient practitioners on the European continent.

Upon hearing of the coming union with Poland, Witold returned home, but his reconciliation was seen to be short-lived, presumably because of Jagiello's refusal to appoint him to a position of sufficient status in Lithuania.

Witold returned to Marienburg in 1389 and was reunited with his former German comrades, possibly to keep a close ear to their potential plans.

Three years later, Jagiello offered Witold a position of virtual rule in Lithuania. He accepted, betraying the Order and giving the alliance a valuable general with thorough knowledge of Teutonic battle tactics.

T.G.

At the battle's critical stage, von Jungingen and his knights were pressing the Slavic forces on all fronts, even briefly capturing King Jagiello's standard. The Polish King committed his reserves, and plunged into the fight himself.

mounts and charged into the exposed right flank of the engaged Poles. (Many a less-fortunate knight never did return from the mad pursuit of the retiring light cavalry; Witold's reserves, his "King's Men," had followed and cut off numbers of the exhausted knights, often stuck in the swamps, and had killed them.)

The ubiquitous Witold had seen the flank attack coming and had called forward the last uncommitted units in the Polish army—the third line of reserves, made up of the mercenary foot, militia and peasants. These men were thrown against the battling German cavalry and, because the Germans were near exhaustion, the Polish infantry fought them to a standstill.

To the rear of the Teutonic lines, Ulrich von Jungingen watched as the last Polish reserves were committed to the battle. His decisive moment arrived, he moved his own reserves, more than 6,000 of the finest cavalry on the continent, toward the heavily engaged Polish right flank. The fresh horsemen rode forward with banners flying, with the black, white and yellow standard of the Teutonic Order at their head, beside the Grand Master. Its men confident of victory, the ponderous formation rode past Tannenberg and the mounds of bodies from the earlier engagements, before turning right and forming into the wedges so feared by the Order's foes. The Germans headed straight toward the open Polish flank and rear. . . toward the royal banner of Jagiello.

From his vantage point on the right flank, Jagiello saw the thousands of cavalry sweeping behind the engaged forces to his front. As he moved to protect his army with what few tired knights he could scrape together, a leading squadron of Teutonic knights again sighted Jagiello's banner and charged. Jagiello dispatched a messenger to the nearest Polish unit for assistance, to which the commander replied: "Are you mad? Do you not see the enemy is moving on us and you ask us to leave the fight and come to the King's defense? That is the same as fleeing from the field, for, if we turn our backs on the enemy, we shall be beaten and the King will be in still greater peril."

Jagiello's bodyguard, seeing no help forthcoming, furled the King's banner and formed a circle to defend him while the Teutonics, losing sight of their objective, spotted another large banner and charged toward that, and away from Jagiello! The King was incensed at his subordinate's refusal to obey his orders, however, and charged by himself toward the German knights until a Czech bodyguard grabbed his reins, halting the suicidal ride. One of the German knights, however, had recognized the King. Couching his lance, he charged. Jagiello countercharged and wounded the German. As the deadly duel was fought, the Teutonic cavalry reportedly halted its attack to watch this chivalrous display of arms, giving the Poles a short respite to repair and strengthen their dwindling lines.

It did not take long for Jagiello to take command of the situation, but it was his secretary, Zbigniew, who swung a broken lance at the wounded German and toppled him from his horse, whereupon several Polish foot soldiers made an unchivalric spectacle of stabbing the German through chinks in his armor and unceremoniously stripping the body.

As the onlooking—and enraged—Teutonics prepared to make their final assault on the exhausted Poles, a flurry of activity was observed at the rear of the German columns. The

German infantry are overrun and slaughtered while Polish knights push on to victory at Tannenberg. Although the Teutonic forces had cannon, the armor and arquebuses in this 1626 depiction are complete anachronisms.

clash of arms and screams of dying men announced the return of the Lithuanians, who had been rallied by their comrades in reserve. Witold's light cavalry viciously fell on the rear of the German knights.

The Poles were ecstatic and renewed their own fight with fresh energy, forcing the tired and disordered Germans to form a circle, only to be slowly destroyed by the larger numbers of enemy who were appearing from all sides. Von Jungingen fought bare-headed as he rejected entreaties to flee. He was wounded twice in the face and lanced in the chest, but he fought on until a knight speared him through the neck. At the death of the Grand Master, many knights dismounted and knelt to surrender their swords, hoping to be spared for ransom. Others fought back to back, kissing their comrades and giving farewells, while still others killed each other rather than die at Polish hands.

Some knights cut their way out of the encirclement and made it to safety. Others ran to the German camp, where their lives were quickly ended as the Poles assaulted it and, finding Teutonic chains and fetters for the expected thousands of captives, put the defenders to the sword. As evening came, thousands of fleeing Germans and mercenaries were killed or taken prisoner by the lightly armored Tartar and Lithuanian cavalry. Jagiello had ordered a vigorous pursuit to ensure the total destruction of the enemy army.

The next day, instead of hurrying to Marienburg—now virtually undefended—the Poles spent their time scouring the battlefield for loot, sorting through the 14,000 prisoners and burying the dead of both armies, which totaled upward of 10,000 Germans and 6,000 Poles and Lithuanians. The bodies of von Jungingen and the ranking knights of the Order were wrapped in purple and white robes and sent home to Marienburg. A banquet was given by Jagiello and thousands of prisoners were paroled after swearing an oath to appear at Crakow on November 11 to ransom themselves. With the exception of the Hospitaller, Werner von Tettingham, all of the Order's major commanders would lose their lives on the battlefield.

By the end of July, Marienburg was besieged and most of the Prussian towns and fortresses had surrendered to the allies. After a short two-month siege, however, Witold tired of the nonproductive war and took his troops home. The next day the Polish army also left, in order to be home in time for the fall harvests. As soon as the invaders had gone, the towns reverted back to Teutonic control.

At the formal treaty of peace signed on February 1, 1411, the disputed province of Samogitia was given to Lithuania for as long as Jagiello and Witold lived. Upon their deaths, though, it would be returned to the Teutonic Order. Diplomatically, the war was a stalemate. Militarily, the Teutonic knights had been eliminated as a serious military threat in Northern Europe. In less than 60 years, Jagiello's son, Casimir IV, would sign a fresh treaty, once again making the Teutonic Order a vassal of the Polish crown, the very status the Order had agreed to many years before, when it had first raised its blood-soaked banner on the soil of the land of Prussia. □

Terry L. Gore writes from Rochester, N.Y. As further reading, he suggests Knights of the Cross *by Henryk Sienkewitz, and James Michener's history-filled novel,* Poland.

Tank That Missed D-day

The Sherman on view in Torcross, England, has its own story.

By Gordon Campbell

Ken Small, 52, of Lincolnshire, moved in 1968 to Torcross in South Devon and purchased the Cove Guest House just a stone's throw above the sea on England's southern coast.

For the ex-RAF man, ex-policeman, ex-ladies' hairdresser, and adventurer, however, the quiet life didn't always agree.

"I became a beachcomber and found close to $16,000 worth of jewelry and other valuables while wandering along the sand," explained Small. Then, in 1971, he first heard about an obstruction out on the seabed from friend Tony Steer, local boat-owner and fisherman.

"During my sojourns I got to know many of the fishermen pretty well and was told something was snagging their nets a few hundred yards offshore," the restless spirit Small continued. "They asked if I'd dive down and see what it was."

Discovering the snagging problem was caused by a sunken U.S. Sherman "swimming" tank, Small immediately became intrigued with the possibility of raising the vehicle.

He found that the tank had sunk in 65 feet of water—its belly drainage plates had not been in place when discharged from an American landing craft during a D-day training exercise in the spring of 1944.

No lives were lost when the tank belonging to A Company, 70th Tank Battalion, plunged to the bottom, and the war went on without it. The Sherman simply settled on its tracks, gun pointed toward the beach, and remained there for four decades.

It wasn't long before Small began toying with the idea of trying to buy the tank. He made his first attempt at establishing ownership by contacting British military authorities in October 1973.

The British referred him to the American Embassy in London. He was then directed to the U.S. Defense Supply Agency in Alexandria, Va. Early in 1974, he discovered it was possible to buy the vehicle from the U.S. Defense Property Disposal Service in Wiesbaden, Germany.

The versatile, long-lived Sherman tank has written more than its share of military history. At Torcross, England, there stands a Sherman whose tale resumed after more than 20 years underwater.

"I wrote to Wiesbaden and received an informal draft agreement from Sally Nagata requesting me to make an offer for the tank," Small said with a laugh. "Taking a shot in the dark, I phoned Miss Nagata and offered one pound sterling.

"She said that wasn't very much and added it would cost $50 to produce the contract for the sale. We finally agreed on that figure and the deal was completed November 25, 1974."

Small's purchase of the tank has to rank among the bargains of the century. Even today, resale prices of the most ancient Shermans vary from $5,000 to $15,000.

However, the problems for Small were just beginning. After British Customs received a copy of the sales contract, it wrote U.S. disposal officials saying the sale should be terminated for the following reasons:

(1) The tank might not be American forces' materiel.

(2) No private person would be allowed to purchase the tank.

(3) Possible conflict with the host country might occur if the tank were raised.

(4) Before any movement (of the tank) could take place, "demilitarization" would have to be carried out.

A U.S. official subsequently wrote Small to say that the American authorities were withdrawing their offer to sell him the rights to the sunken Sherman.

Upset at the barriers being placed in his path, Small got back to Miss Nagata in Germany, and her answer was simple and to the point: "I have said I will sell the tank to you on behalf of the Government of the United States and that is that."

This set the seal on the affair and the purchase was finally completed. From that time on, Small had every intention of raising the tank, although he realized the operation would be long and costly.

In the years following his purchase of the vehicle in 1974, Small amassed a large amount of World War II and other artifacts from the beach. He also teamed with diver Derek Cockville and waterman Steer to remove the twin propellers from the Sherman. One is displayed at Cove House; the other became part of a memento that Ken made for Iowa's Dorace Johnson, driver of the tank who survived its dunking and has been a regular attendee at the annual reunions of the 70th Battalion since World War II.

While visiting Washington, D.C., one time, it seems Small was informed about the reunion in nearby Maryland and was invited to attend. "I went and presented the remembrance to Johnson," Small confided. "Now 75 years old, he was taken completely by surprise and cried like a baby. He said it was the nicest thing that could have happened to him."

In 1983, Small stopped thinking about what to do and began organizing a crew to recover the tank. First, he needed a final resting place for it, and that was provided at the southern end of the Tor-

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By Gordon Campbell

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By Donna J. Neary

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Carefully researched and beautifully rendered, this painting was created by military historical artist Donna J. Neary. Her work is represented in the collections of The Scots Guards, The Queen's Own Highlanders, The U.S. Marine Corps, The National Guard and many other organizations and private collections. As a military artist with the Marine Corps Reserve, she holds the rank of Major.

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cross car park by the South Hams District Council.

A feasibility study on raising the Sherman was made—it concluded that a lift of 40 tons via four 10-ton lifting bags attached to the shipping lugs on the tank's hull would be necessary to overcome suction between the tank and the seabed.

Small was elated when the British Diving School at Fort Bovisand agreed to undertake the salvage as a training exercise. Tom Gregory and the firm of Westward Recovery then came up with winching equipment.

The recovery proper started on Tuesday, May 15, 1984, with the arrival of the Fort Bovisand dive vessel, *British Diver*, alongside the sunken tank's white buoy marker. Eight trainee divers, fresh from a 12-week, $10,200 course, began the job in high spirits.

Their first task was to clear layers of fish netting, ropes and debris around the tank so the lifting bags could be attached. It was fairly hazardous work, what with a 3-knot tide and visibility below never more than 18 inches.

Gregory and his winching crew had assembled on a Wednesday in the car park across the road from the beach. By midmorning a sizable crowd (which swelled to nearly 5,000 during the five-day salvage effort) had gathered, along with television and radio news crews.

With little activity visible at sea on Wednesday and Thursday, there wasn't too much to interest spectators.

Meanwhile, the Sherman was broken free from her watery grave late on Thursday evening, and on Friday was grounded in 25 feet of water just offshore. It was winched ashore at 8:50 p.m.

Following a check for any ammunition that might have been aboard, the barnacle-encrusted vehicle was given the all clear for the preservative treatment to begin, it being essential to decontaminate the metal of salt water to prevent rust.

Preservative experts worked all Friday night with high-pressure water guns, taking the corroded hull back to bare metal with ease. They continued cleaning the outside Saturday and sucked out nine tons of silt and water from inside. Then, special preservative was sprayed inside and out.

With a large crowd in attendance, something quite remarkable occurred once the Sherman reached firm concrete.

Suddenly, there was a creaking and breaking up of still-encrusted barnacles. The entire running gear came to life and ran as freely as the day the monster machine went off the barge into the water. The tank moved ahead 35 yards, with grease oozing from various nipples.

Stopped finally, with no mishaps, it then yielded from its interior items such as an aluminum water bottle, radio fascia

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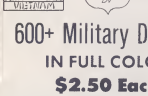

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The Sherman story was brought to a close on the evening of Thursday, May 31, 1984, as the venerable tank was towed onto the prepared ground of the car park, its 32 tons held firm with steel bars welded between the sprockets and track to lock the running gear.

Sunk in mere seconds in 1944, it took a decade of hopes and dreams and days of constant effort by Ken Small and his many helpers to retrieve the tank off Slapton Sands in 1984.

To top off his effort, the intrepid Englishman made many trips to the United States in his 16-year quest to convince the Department of Defense to authorize a plaque in memory of the 749 Americans who died in a disastrous training operation off these same beaches on April 28, 1944.

Finally, on Sunday, Nov. 15, 1987, the United States and Britain honored those who perished, with tears, tributes and a bugler playing *Taps*, as 300 onlookers prayed for the soldiers and sailors lost in what became known as "The Night of the Bloody Tiger." In a driving rain overlooking the English Channel, U.S. Rep. Beverly Byron (D-Md.) and Peggy Verniquet, chairwoman of the local South Hams District Council, unveiled the plaque commemorating the deaths.

Exercise Tiger, it may be recalled, had started as a mock assault on Slapton Sands beach by 30,000 American troops but turned real when nine German E-boats—the fast, light boats that harassed coastal waters during the war—torpedoed three of the amphibious landing craft.

Hundreds were trapped and killed on the landing craft. Others died when some Americans opened fire on their own boats, thinking they were German. Hundreds more dead were found the next morning, floating upside down on the water because they put their Mae West life vests around their waists instead of under their arms. It was an unnerving tragedy.

Unnerving, but not to be forgotten.

"May these men rest in the knowledge that the lessons in this tragedy added significantly to the ability of the Allies to carry out the successful invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944," reads the 1987 plaque commemorating that tragic event.

At the end of the 40-minute ceremony, his eyes brimming with tears, former Royal Air Force Corporal Ken Small placed a wreath of poppies at the base of the plaque, which was cast in Colorado and mounted on a boulder of Devon granite. And there, even today, stands his recovered Sherman tank as a highly visible memorial for all to see and ponder, visitors and townspeople alike. □

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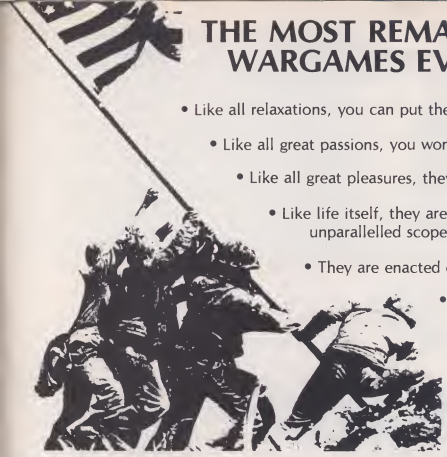

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Continued from page 20

while in command of the entire Army. As early as 1821, he was advancing the cause against the use of alcohol. Scott also issued orders against the abuse of enlisted men by their officers and noncommissioned officers and testified before Congress on the need to increase the pay and allotments of officers and doctors.

Ultimately, Scott was loyal to his country. A Virginian by birth, Scott chose to fulfill his duties to support and defend the U.S. Constitution rather than resign his commission when the Civil War broke out in 1861. When approached by Judge John Robertson, an old friend, with an offer to join Virginia's state forces, Scott refused, unlike his subordinate, Robert E. Lee. To Robertson's offer, Scott replied, "I have served my country, under the flag of the Union, for more than 50 years, and so long as God permits me to live, I will defend that flag with my sword, even if my own native State assails it!"

Scott paid a heavy price for remaining a Union man, for while the North was overjoyed at Scott's loyalty, he was vilified throughout Virginia and disowned by friends and family. Nevertheless, Scott commanded the federal troops guarding President Lincoln's inauguration and continued to advise the president on military matters, even after his retirement in November 1861.

Scott despaired of repairing the great national rupture once war broke out, but did not question the president's decision to maintain the Union, by force if necessary. Loyal, yet a conciliator to the end, he approved of a Senate resolution passed in 1862 against the display of battle honors on Union regimental colors. If the Union was to be reconciled, it would not do for either side to celebrate victories over their countrymen.

Winfield Scott retired as General in Chief in November 1861, turning the Union war effort over to younger men. He retired to West Point, where he wrote his memoirs and observed cadet training. Scott died at West Point on May 29, 1866. His epitaph reads, "History records his Eminent Services as a Warrior, Pacificator, and General in Chief of the Armies of the United States."

History records Scott's life as an example of military virtue and service. Scott understood that Americans expect the highest standards of virtue and service from those given the public trust, especially those entrusted with the national security. The pertinent fact is that no American officer has better exemplified those virtues than Winfield Scott himself. □

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Pain and Triumph at Sea

A frustrated naval historian finds his métier at last.

By Ed Crews

When Winston Churchill wrote in his memoirs that the only thing that frightened him during World War II was the German U-boat, he knew, as did German submarine fleet commander Admiral Karl Dönitz, that if the U-boat could sink enough supply ships sailing to Great Britain, the country would starve. England's planes, tanks and warships would run dry of fuel. Resistance would wither.

Fought on the pitiless Atlantic, this was a battle that involved not only the traditional concerns of admirals —warships, tactics, seamanship and discipline—but it also put a premium on codebreaking, signals intelligence, and the coordination of airplanes and ships.

Author John Keegan remembers this battle for England's lifeline and how "no Briton of my generation, raised on food brought through the U-boat packs in the battle of the Atlantic, can ever ignore the narrowness of the margin by which seapower separates survival from starvation in the islands he inhabits."

In the Age of Sail, the best place for an admiral was in the thick of the action. Lord Nelson, aboard the HMS Victory, triumphed at Trafalgar in 1805, but he paid for his daring.

That appreciation for the influence of seapower on history gives added punch to Keegan's latest book—*The Price of Admiralty: The Evolution of Naval Warfare*, (Viking Penguin, Inc., New York, 1989, $21.95). In this new work, he examines World War II's Battle of the Atlantic (submarines) and three other major sea fights—Trafalgar (wooden ships), Jutland (steel battleships) and Midway (carriers).

Price of Admiralty does just what its subtitle promises. It focuses on how technology, tactics, strategy and training ruled the combat operations in each battle. The book also offers a hint at what modern technology may mean for the admirals of tomorrow.

Naval enthusiasts initially might wonder if the world really needs another analysis of these famous battles. But British military historian Keegan's talent for examination and historical narrative are so strong that any early doubts soon flee.

No task is more difficult for the naval or military historian than to tie together the complex way that technology, attitudes and tactics combine in combat. It is easier to focus exclusively upon tactics or upon the machinery of war—to write only about the movement of ships or the speed of airplanes or the power of a Dreadnought salvo. Keegan demonstrates repeatedly the rare talent of synthesizing all elements of the pertinent material in an informative and entertaining way.

Keegan admits that as an Englishman he has an almost mystical attraction to the sea, and his writing offers a certain romantic view of life at sea. Yet, he still manages to offer a realistic view of war on water. His description of combat at sea is unflinching, whether he is describing the casualty-producing qualities of 19th-century shot—which, when it hit a deck, created a shower of wooden splinters that could transfix or disembowel a man—or the terror of being trapped in a World War I engine room where death could come by drowning, by scalding steam or exposed machinery that could shred a man.

As in his earlier books, Keegan demonstrates a real gift for weaving accounts of combat into his story. In many books, these tidbits seem like an afterthought, a gratuitous addition. With Keegan, they "fit," they illuminate—as when he offers a first-person account of an American attack on a Japanese carrier at Midway by a Japanese sailor, or a Royal Marine's view of action at Trafalgar, or again a British survivor's recollection of German shells destroying his ship at Jutland, in World War I.

Salty readers in England took Keegan to task last year when the book came out in his native isles, saying that he'd made some fundamental technical mistakes in describing sails, masts and shipbuilding terminology. Even so, *Price of Admiralty* raises the larger issues of naval warfare and offers surprising conclusions. In the final chapter, which already is upsetting American naval figures, Keegan offers the idea that the surface fleet of today is just as antiquated as Nelson's old HMS *Victory* now on display in Portsmouth, England.

Using the example of the British invasion of the Falkland Islands in 1982, Keegan says that jet aircraft and nuclear-powered submarines now hold the upper hand. These two weapons, the author concludes, have doomed the destroyer, cruiser and frigate as surely as the airplane doomed the battleship in World War II.

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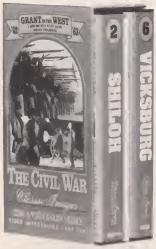

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tors and surface officers a jolt, Keegan writes: "The era of the submarine as the predominant weapon of power at sea must therefore be recognized as having begun. It is already the instrument of ultimate nuclear deterrence between the superpowers, holding at risk their cities, industries and populations as it circles their shores on its relentless oceanic orbit. It is now also the ultimate capital ship, deploying the means to destroy any surface fleet that enters its zone of operations."

Price of Admiralty is a first-class book —well-written, detailed and challenging in its view. Keegan, a former lecturer at Sandhurst, writes in the book's introduction that he started his historical studies as a young man wanting to become a naval historian but switched to military history along the way. Military history gained much, as readers of his other works, such as *The Face of Battle* and *The Mask of Command*, well know. But *The Price of Admiralty* creates the hope that Keegan will return again—and soon—to his one-time first interest in naval affairs.

EH. Chapman, The First Naval Architect and His Work, *by Daniel G. Harris (Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, Md., 1989, $27.95).*

As the introduction of artillery altered the face of naval warfare in the 1600s, the ancient craft of shipbuilding was gradually forced to give way to a more systematic approach to the tradeoffs in seaworthiness, speed, maneuverability, structural strength, armament and supply capacity (human habitability usually took second priority to all of the aforementioned considerations).

Designers such as England's Samuel Pepys worked out the fine points of construction on paper and in model form before the keel was laid. It was Sweden herself, though, that produced one of the most thoroughly scientific naval architects of the 18th century, Fredrik Henrik af Chapman.

Born in 1721 to a British naval officer who had served in the Royal Swedish Navy since 1716, Chapman drew his first hull plan at the age of 10. He spent seven years studying naval architecture in Britain, France and the Netherlands before embarking on his own innovative course.

Chapman's application of mathematical and scientific principles to the problem of ship design made him the foremost shipwright of his day. He built two distinct fleets for Sweden—the High Seas Fleet and the specialized Inshore Fleet for operations around Sweden and Finland. The latter had occasion to prove its worth during Sweden's war with Russia in 1788-1790, in which the performance of his vessels thoroughly vindicated his methods.

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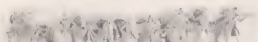

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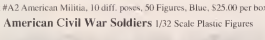

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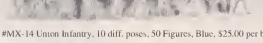

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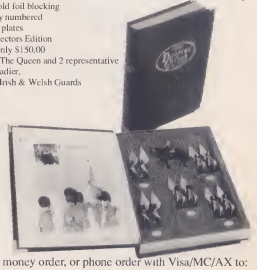

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Chapman also reorganized the Royal Dockyard at Karlskrona, for which he designed the buildings—many of which are still in use—and the shipbuilding equipment to institute his rapid building program by means of prefabrication methods. His books became the basic texts for a generation of naval architects, and the best known of them, *Architectura Navalis Mercatoria*, is regarded as the greatest collection of 18th-century ship drawings in existence.

Canadian author Daniel G. Harris' biography of this significant shipwright is the first to be published in the English language and is profusely illustrated with a multitude of surviving drawings and models that served as steps toward putting Chapman's theories into practice. The illuminating book gives a plausible argument for Chapman to be included among the most influential figures in shipbuilding's transition from an art to a science.

On a related point, naval historian Spencer Tucker has recreated the U.S. Navy's classic era of sailing ships and muzzle-loaded cannon in *Arming the Fleet, U.S. Navy Ordnance in the Muzzle-Loading Era* (Naval Institute Press, 1989, $38.95), a detailed and comprehensive study of shipboard ordnance from the American Revolution through the Civil War. Supported by 135 illustrations, all aspects of naval artillery are covered in detail, from methods of casting to the principles of naval gunnery. For the naval historian and enthusiast, both *F.H. Chapman* and *Arming the Fleet* serve as fascinating reminders that warfare by sail and shot were no less of a science than the warfare of steam and shell that was to follow.

Jon Guttman

Men, Machines & War, *Edited by Ronald G. Haycock and Keith Erick Neilson, (Wilfred Laurier University Press, Waterloo, Ont., Canada, 1988, $29.95).*

Years ago when this reviewer was a youthful member of the Royal Air Force in foreign parts, he was for a time armed with an obscure Australian weapon that he considered the best, most reliable submachine gun ever made. The Owen SMG could be dropped in mud, water, or sand and still function reliably. You could bang it around on trucks or use it to push jungle foliage aside, sure that it wouldn't accidentally go off like the notoriously unstable Sten. Yet, ever since, I could seldom find anyone who had ever heard of it. Now at last, here is more than a tribute paid to the Owen, in a chapter of *Men, Machines & War.*

This book—really an edited collection of eight papers presented at a symposium of the Royal Military College of Canada—is not the usual "merchants of

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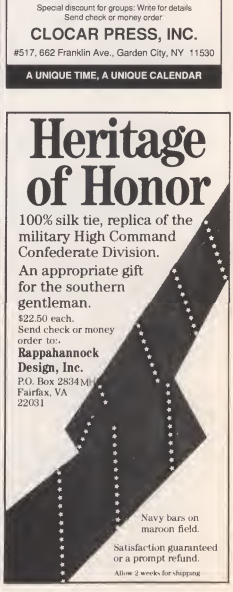

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death" exposé. Rather, it simply conveys the fascinating link formed by technology between politics, warfare and weaponry. The chapters explain the enormous importance of war machinery throughout history and the intimate connection between technological developments in the tools with which men fought and the political and social structures of their respective eras.

The book also offers some rare looks at history, such as the significance of the fact that during the 12th and 13th centuries there were many miners and skilled metalworkers in Europe. Their skills produced and forged vast supplies of metal, thus enabling Western countries to manufacture the then-new gunpowder weapons (guns) in far greater numbers than could nations in other parts of the world. Even their familiarity with making large church bells helped European metallurgists start producing artillery pieces easily, just by slightly changing the shape of their moulds.

Seven of the book's segments offer perceptions on the influence of technology on training tactics and armaments in the British and Prussian armies, in the Royal Navy, and toward the evolution of air power.

Ronald G. Haycock's chapter tells well the story of the Owen submachine gun, an astounding chain of circumstance. It was first designed in 1936 by an Australian, Evelyn Owen, a 21-year-old amateur small-arms buff. The weapon was repeatedly rejected by the Army Inventions Board (AIB), even when a shortage of SMGs developed early in World War II. It finally came to the attention of an individual steelworks manager, who accidentally found the prototype hidden in his hedge while its inventor went for a farewell drink prior to leaving for army service overseas. Impressed with the weapon, the industrialist managed to keep young Corporal Owen from embarking and forged ahead to refine the gun's design privately.

Unlikely as it may seem, it was through the efforts of politicians that the gun finally was put into production in 1942, despite rigid opposition by Australian Army brass hats. It seems they resented a weapon forced on them by politicians and pushy civilian manufacturers.

Eventually, the Owen became something of a national symbol Down Under: "the Aussie gun." Its outstanding efficiency became well proven on a dozen battlefronts in the Far East, and it became the preferred weapon by those troops fortunate enough to be issued with it.

As a sad postscript, the bitter struggle to have his invention accepted so demoralized Evelyn Owen that he died tragically in 1949.

Sidney Allinson

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WEAPONRY

Continued from page 8

Using the last of his own money, Bushnell turned to perfecting his system for attaching an underwater mine to the Turtle's keel. Through a socket near the hatch, he placed an iron tube that would slide up and down six inches. From a sharp iron screw fixed to the tube's tip a rod extended through the tube into the Turtle. The operator, after slipping the submarine into position beneath an enemy vessel, would push the tube upward, thus placing the screw against the keel of the vessel. He would then twist the screw into the keel and disengage the rod. From the screw ran a rope to the "powder mine," which was attached to the Turtle's stern by another screw. The latter screw operated as a lock on the clockworks inside the mine.

The removal of that last screw would allow the mine to float free of the Turtle and put into operation the clockwork mechanism that would fire the gunlock and explode the powder. Bushnell constructed the clockwork mechanism under the close supervision of a skilled mechanic and watchmaker in New Haven.

In October 1775, the 69-year-old Benjamin Franklin, en route to see George Washington in Cambridge on a mission for the Continental Congress, stopped by to visit Dr. Gale at Killingworth and to inspect David Bushnell's submarine. An impressed Franklin then took the first facts about the submarine to Washington's military camp.

The British, for their part, had heard vague rumors of an American device "that will effectually destroy the Royal Navy," but the commander of British forces in America, General Thomas Gage, had not been very concerned. Then Gage received a letter from a Continental officer in British pay saying, "The Great News with Americans is that a certain Mr. Bushnell has perfected a Machine which, it is expected, will leave your Ships in Smoke."

That news very much disturbed Gage. At some point, too, British military intelligence began obtaining information from a Tory at Killingworth who was both tavern keeper and postmaster. He was opening Dr. Gale's letters and copying them, including those to Ben Franklin about the Turtle, before sending them on.

Meanwhile, David Bushnell had arranged for Ezra in the Turtle to make a test with a loaded mine. The "attack" was made on an old ship hulk that David had talked a Saybrook shipowner into donating to the cause. Much to everyone's delight, the hulk was blown to pieces, and Ezra returned quite safely. Surely, even the greatest ship in the Royal

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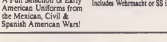

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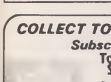

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Navy could be destroyed the same way. It was time to get on with the job!

Originally, the Bushnell brothers had planned to take the Turtle to Boston to attack the British ships lying in the harbor there, but refinement of some of equipment, and then testing, delayed the proposed deployment until after the British had evacuated Boston in March 1776.

David Bushnell was delighted and hastened to comply that summer when George Washington in New York sent word to bring the craft there. Admiral Lord Richard Howe had already arrived with a large British fleet and 150 transports. The Battle of Long Island loomed.

The Bushnell brothers carried the Turtle on a borrowed sloop. Continental Army General Israel Putnam, an enthusiastic supporter of Bushnell's efforts, sent one of his aides, a handsome young man named Aaron Burr, to inspect the Turtle, and Burr took back a favorable report. With Washington's approval, plans were made for a "Turtle attack" on the British fleet in New York Bay near the Narrows between Staten Island and Long Island—an attack that would "revolutionize naval warfare."

But Ezra suddenly fell prey to the fever raging through the Continental Army. Where could a man be found who was capable of serving as captain, pilot and crew of the unfamiliar vessel? It would take a man who was, to quote George Washington, "hardy enough to successfully encounter the variety of dangers from the difficulty of conducting the machine and governing it underwater, on account of the current, and the consequent uncertainty of hitting the object devoted to destruction, without rising frequently above water for fresh observations, which, when near the vessel, would expose the adventurer to discovery and almost certain death."

After several days of searching, David Bushnell selected Sergeant Ezra Lee, a 27-year-old volunteer from Lyme, Conn., and put him through a fast training course with the Turtle in Long Island Sound despite the risk of discovery and capture. Sergeant Lee was a brave, earnest, determined soldier-patriot, but, as it turned out, his very hasty training left him far less skilled at handling the Turtle than a physically fit Ezra Bushnell.

A few minutes after midnight on September 7, 1776, the Turtle, with Sergeant Ezra Lee inside, bobbed off the South Ferry Landing at the tip of Manhattan, a lethal mine in position above her rudder. The bay waters were calm, the ebb tide not too strong, and Sergeant Lee was ready to take on his target, Admiral Richard Howe's 64-gun flagship, the mighty *Eagle*.

As General Putnam and David Bushnell watched from the wharf, two whale-

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boats towed the Turtle through the darkness to a position as close to the *Eagle* as their crews dared.

The current was swifter than the inexperienced Lee had expected and before he realized it the submarine had been swept down the bay past the *Eagle*. After two and a half hours of exhausting rowing, he brought the Turtle back into attack position, submerged, and passed to a position beneath the warship. Knowing that he had only a half-hour's air supply, he worked vigorously trying to plant the mine.

The first steps in that procedure went smoothly, but then he couldn't make the screw to which the line bearing the mine was attached bite into the *Eagle*'s keel. David Bushnell had said the screw would penetrate easily even if the keel were sheathed in copper, but Lee's repeated efforts failed.

Bushnell later determined that the screw must have struck the iron bar running from the rudder hinge to the stern. "Had Sergeant Lee moved a few inches, which he could have done even without rowing, he would have found wood where he could have fixed the screw."

But in his attempt to shift slightly, he allowed his craft to float to the surface. "There he found daylight too far advanced for further attempts."

The destruction of Howe's flagship could so easily have been accomplished, and would have been, said the Bushnells, if one of them had been in the Turtle.

As Lee now turned for his own wharf, where an anxious group awaited him, the Turtle passed Governor's Island, held by the British. The craft was spotted by the enemy.

"When I was abreast of the island's fort," he wrote, "300 to 400 men got upon the parapet to observe me: Then a number came to the shore, shoved off a 12-oar'd barge with 5 or 6 sitters and pulled for me. I eyed them, and when they got within 50 or 60 yards of me I let loose the magazine in hopes that if they took me they would likewise pick up the magazine, and we would all be blown up together."

When he cast the mine adrift its clockwork mechanism, set for explosion in 60 minutes, started ticking.

To Sergeant Lee's surprise and relief, the British seamen, seeing the strange-looking cask bobbing in front of them, suspected a Yankee trick—and turned and rowed frantically back to Governor's Island.

When Lee finally came within sight of his waiting friends, a whaleboat was sent to tow him to shore. Soon after, the exhausted soldier staggered onto the wharf and began telling the group what had happened. Nor far off, the mine suddenly exploded with a terrible roar and bril-

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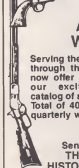

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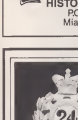

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liant flash, sending a great column of water and pieces of wood shooting into the air. General Putnam shouted in joy, but the Turtle had not blown up anything of importance.

Still, it was a shock to the British. Hearing the earsplitting roar, great crowds ashore rushed from their shelters. Panic broke out in the British fleet. In the confusion, no one had any idea what had happened, but all suspected it was a prelude to dire calamity. Cables were cut and the British ships drifted down the bay in total disorder.

Lee soon revealed that when he first rowed up to the *Eagle* in the dark of night, he could easily have fastened the magazine under the stern of the ship above the water. "Had he fastened it there, the explosion of the 150 pounds of powder would have been fatal to the *Eagle*," wrote inventor Bushnell later. His brother Ezra would have known to do that. But Bushnell was not openly critical of Lee. After all, the sergeant had proceeded as he'd been instructed, and he'd certainly proved that the Turtle was no "suicide craft," as some had dubbed her. She had floated, submerged and ascended properly.

Before another attack could be undertaken, Washington decided against attempting to hold New York against invasion: He ordered his forces to evacuate. Barely escaping a blockade, the Turtle was hoisted aboard a sloop that hurried up the North River and the Hudson to Fort Washington. Hoping to get the submarine back into action, David Bushnell gave Sergeant Lee and two other prospective navigators more training. There seemed no possibility that Ezra would recover in time to navigate the craft.

The most constant fear at Fort Washington was the threat of the three British warships anchored off Bloomingdale, not far below the fort. As Bushnell prepared to send the Turtle into action again, he chose Sergeant Lee, still the most skilled of available navigators, to attach a mine to one of the ships just above the surface of the water. The two accounts of that abortive venture, Bushnell's and Lee's, differ greatly.

For the third attack by the Turtle, Bushnell selected a new navigator but that effort also failed. Obviously, it was "absolutely necessary to have a highly skilled, well-trained manager of the vessel to achieve success." And there was neither time nor money for further preparation. Sergeant Ezra Lee's brave efforts did not go unrecognized. General Washington thanked him and transferred him into the Secret Service. He served his country heroically throughout the war.

The Turtle saw no action after the autumn of 1776—no surviving record indi-

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cates what became of her. When Bushnell was forced to flee from the Hudson River area just before Fort Washington fell to the British, he may have destroyed the craft to keep her out of enemy hands.

Bushnell turned to the development of a floating mine that would explode on contact by attaching a gunlock as a contact fuse to a floating barrel of gunpowder—he thus designed what has since become known as "the prototype of all naval contact mines." He demolished a British schooner in the Connecticut River with one of these "death kegs."

Then, in early January 1778, he released about two dozen mines in the Delaware River above Philadelphia, hoping that they would drift down and destroy the British fleet anchored off the town. Hampered by floating ice and detected by British sailors, who feverishly fired cannon and small arms at everything floating in the river, most of the mines were destroyed before doing serious damage, but one vessel was sunk and several British seamen were killed.

After being ill for two years and then, in 1786, suffering the loss of his brother Ezra, his closest relative and greatest friend, David Bushnell disappeared. He had mentioned to Ezra's widow that he was considering going to France to continue experiments on submarines and underwater mines but there is no evidence that he did.

Then, about 1795, Bushnell, using the assumed name Dr. David Bush, appeared in Columbia County, Ga., where he visited fellow Yale graduate and veteran Abraham Baldwin. From then until his death in January 1826, he lived in Georgia, working a few years as a teacher and the remainder of his life as a practicing physician, always as "Dr. David Bush." He never married. Only Baldwin knew his real identity or where he had studied medicine. It was not until after Bushnell's will was probated in Augusta, Ga., on February 6, 1826, that his identity became widely known.

Abraham Baldwin surmised that Bushnell had maintained his secret because he had "failed" in his Revolutionary War attempt at submarine warfare.

David Bushnell apparently never realized how remarkable had been his achievements in introducing the submarine as an offensive weapon and in originating mine warfare. He could not know that one day Thomas Edison would join other great men in praising him as "The Father of Submarine Warfare," or that the U.S. Navy would name two submarine tenders in his honor, the first in 1915 and the second in 1941. The USS *Bushnell* that served in World War II of course was nicknamed the "Turtle." □

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